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Vol. CXXI. No. 1586

THE SPHERE, JUNE 14, 1930
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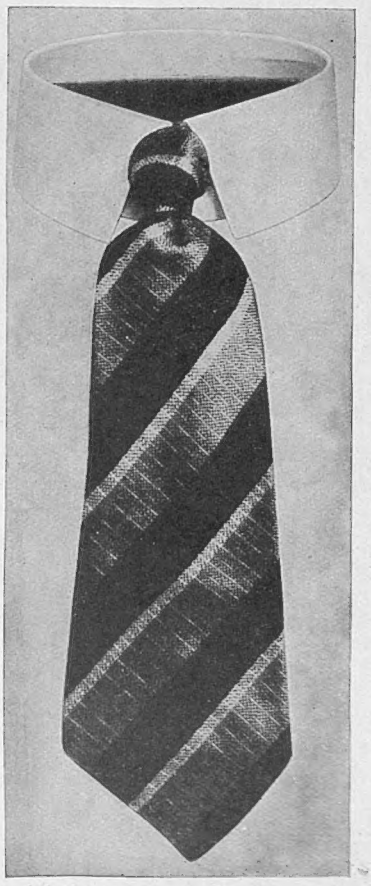

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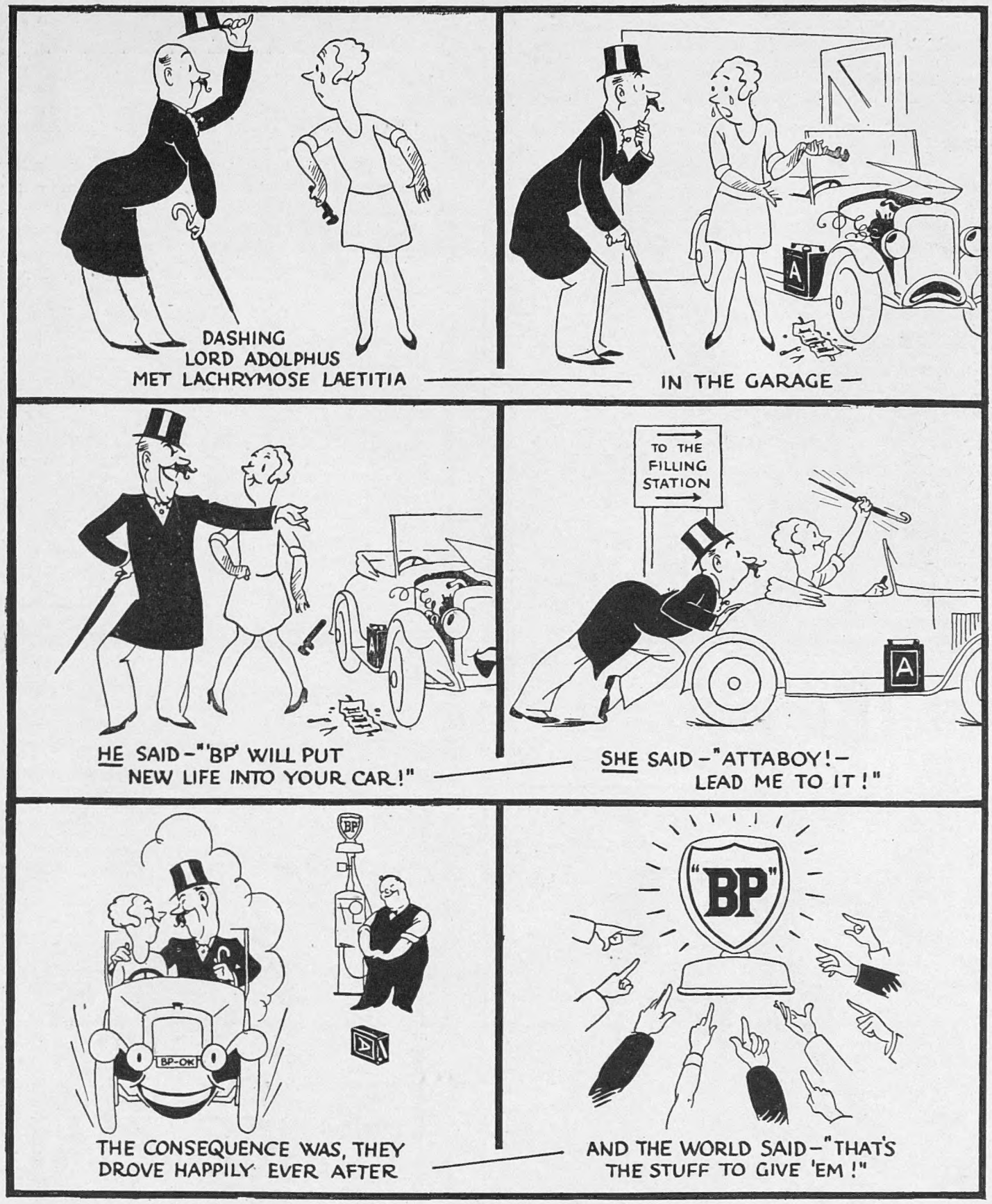

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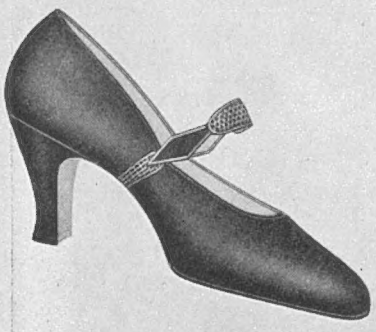

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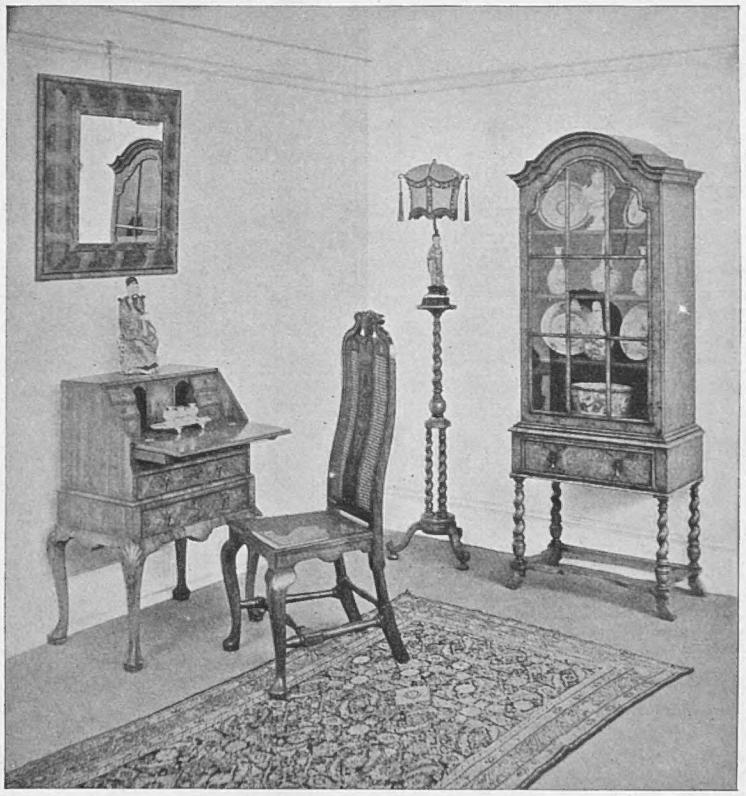

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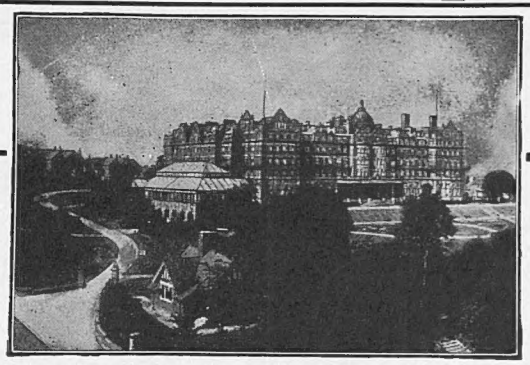

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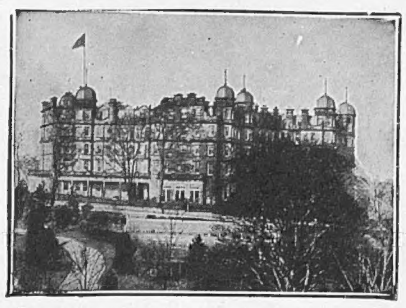

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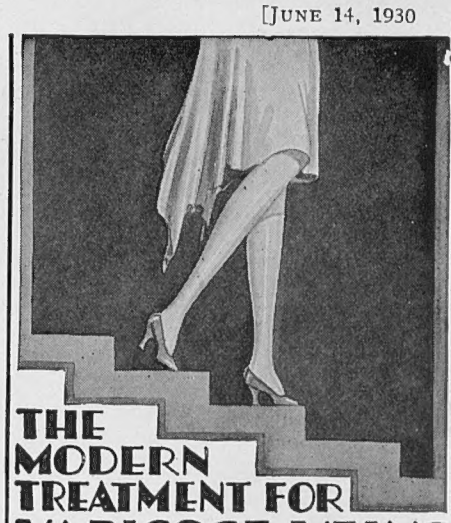

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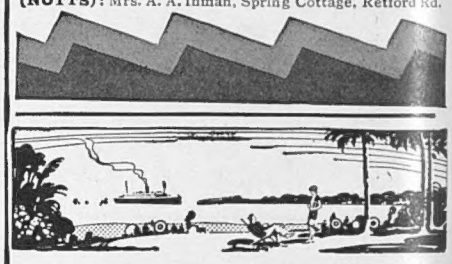

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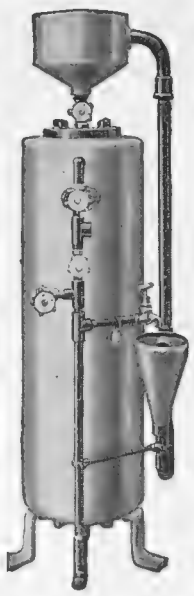

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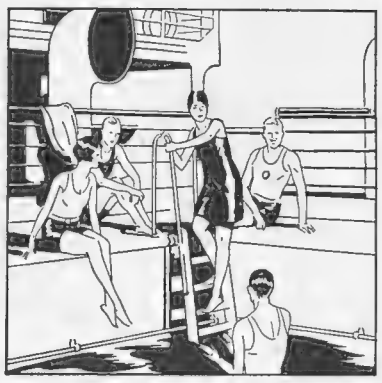

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THE KING OF ROUMANIA

Restored from Exile to his Heritage by A COUP D'ÉTAT

By a *coup d'état* which remained true to the Ruritania standard of political activity characteristic of his country, the ex-Crown Prince Carol was proclaimed King of Roumania last week-end amid the plaudits of the populace. It is hoped that a reconciliation between the king and the wife who divorced him, Princess Hélène, will be rapidly effected. King Michael now takes the title of Prince of Alba Julia. King Carol II, it will be recalled, abdicated his throne for the love of Madame Lupescu, who is at the time of writing en route for Roumania. During a visit to England in 1928 King Carol staged with M. Jonescu, a successful litigant recently against a leading evening newspaper, a *putsch*, but it was nipped in the bud and the then Prince advised to leave the country. The Queen-Mother has already telegraphed her congratulations both to Prince Nicholas, the Regent, and King Carol.

THE HEAT-WAVE AT EPSOM ON OAKS DAY: A glimpse of the fashionable crowd at the great filly classic. Lord Glanely won with Rose of England—a race which gave Gordon Richards, the champion jockey, his first classic

A LONDON NEWSLETTER.

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, June 11, 1930.

Weather or Budget.—I don't know whether the late unseasonable snow or the unreasonable Snowden were responsible—whether it was the weather or the Budget—but there is no doubt whatever that the crowds and queues on the courses and round the arenas and along the roads have been smaller than last year—at least until after Derby Day when Flaming June remembered her reputation. One hardly was aware of Derby Week; the Whitsun chaos was not to compare with last year's despite the golden weather, and Ascot is unlikely to deal in records. Result, more work and less damage to the countryside were done last week than for several years past. Are we getting a wave of National claustrophobia? Is this the beginning of the inevitable reaction against queues and crowds? Or must we blame it on the need for economy? I am inclined to think that racing is just beginning to lose its universal appeal, and that the dangers and discomfort of the roads are really beginning to affect motoring as an amusement *per se*.

Test Fever.—For I was quite astonished at the interest shown in the Middlesex-Australian match at Lord's last week. The pavilion was crammed. The Upper House was splendidly represented, so was the landed gentry. So was the City. The City was enchanted to get away from Throgmorton Street and forget. Hendren alone helped them to forget. Until he began to master Grimmett, runs came at the rate of forty-five an hour. Dreary, dreary game, this deadly serious cricket, for ever flattering the hope of brighter things! And the women were there, mothers and daughters keeping the analysis. It is very clear that Test Fever was prevalent. The public temperature will rise steadily until after the second day of the Second Test at Lord's. Then it will fall. The question I am asking myself is: have we enough and sufficient variety of bowling to obtain a decision at Trent Bridge? I am not afraid that we shall be beaten. I should be rather pleased if we lost. It would stimulate interest in the Test series.

Outing Thomas.—Mr Thomas has had enough of playing the part of Christian in the political arena, and has resumed his well-merited position among the lions. It is better so. Nobody can make much of the part of Christian—it is a short and unimportant part from the actor's point of view, a mere foil to the lions and the jackals. And Mr. Thomas has proved his worth in the major rôle of Lion, and as Secretary for the Dominions will use his experience and popularity to direct the important Imperial Conference whose shadow is already cast over the land. And since unemployment has proved a nut too hard for a strong pair of selected teeth to crack, it will be left on the dish, and any Minister who has a moment to spare will be able to nibble at it without the unpleasant feeling that if he nibbles ineffectually it will be chalked up to his discredit. In this way that embarrassing problem may be shifted a little out of the limelight. There's no fun in chucking coco-nuts about if there is no Aunt Sally to aim at. Mr. Thomas's change of address was announced with the week's 10,000 rise in unemployment to 1,770,000. The consequent Cabinet shuffle is devoid of interest and free from the stigma of imagination or experiment.

British Rule in India.—Never shall we have a more favourable or more vital opportunity to learn something of the genius and sacrifices which gave us and created for us the richest possession in our Empire. For 150 years we have accepted India as a fact without ever taking the smallest trouble to learn her history or the problems of her administration. Now at long last it is our bounden duty to study the first part of the Simon Commission Report, and for my part I subscribe to the advice of *The Times*, and advise everybody to study it in conjunction with a copy of *The Times Book of India*. Infinite pains and ripe experience combine in these two documents to provide the student with all the relevant facts, authoritative, exhaustive, and up-to-date.

Sir John Point.—Henry Lytton and Amy Johnson were the only two names in the long list of birthday honours last week to capture the public fancy. The new peers and baronets and companions doubtless all deserve and will adorn their new distinctions, but honours lists nowadays are lacking in romance. Even the absentees from these lists are not so glaring as once they were. The bestowal of honours on the theatrical profession is an obscure criterion of merit. It would be inaccurate to assume that the actor-knights are the greatest artists in the profession. The actor-knight must "satisfy the examiners" in many and diverse subjects before he can receive the accolade. But Henry Lytton has nobly served the public and inevitably has no rival in Gilbert and Sullivan, seeing that he has for generations sustained all the principal male rôles undisputed. But, if I may say so, he once had a very serious rival as Jack Point and also as the Lord Chancellor. I remember Workman in those rôles—a very skilled Workman indeed.

B.B.C.—Mr. Whitley's appointment to succeed Lord Clarendon as B.B.C. Chairman stresses the importance attached to that office. It gives me confidence that any encroachment of silliness and vulgarity into the broadcast menu will be jealously checked. Mr. Whitley is a man of great experience and unimpeachable character. He is a Nonconformist, and his name is a negation of all that is cheap and showy and vulgar. He has the patience of Job and an unrivalled experience of the frailties and passions of public men in conclave, and for all his tact he does not invariably accept compromise as the best, because the easiest, way out of a difficulty. On the assumption that he retains this important office until he is seventy, the B.B.C. is in safe hands for six years.

A Literary Mosaic.—I think it was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who invented the Literary Mosaic, a form of entertainment which I have often suggested for the B.B.C. Sir Arthur chose that medium to display his great powers of "playing the sedulous ape" to famous writers. And now the B.B.C. have arranged a wireless serial on these lines. A story to be begun by Hugh Walpole and continued by other writers. It is, of course, a very pleasant conceit and, properly handled, might give considerable enjoyment to literary connoisseurs. But the essentials for success are that the story should be developed without long intervals, in fact day after day, and that the very best novelists (with styles as diverse as possible) should be selected for the job. And twenty-four hours should be all the "notice" allowed to each successor in the task. Subsequently the stories should be published as *The B.B.C. Serial Mosaics Library*. But I am forever giving good ideas away gratis. Very unworldly of me.

In Ruritania.—A symbol at all costs—even a tinkling symbol. If peer and peasant alike in Rumania hail with satisfaction the return of Carol to be the figure-head in a greater Rumania movement, who are we to quarrel with their taste? The crown—"which he did thrice refuse"—has been thrust on his head amid cheers from all sorts and conditions. Carol, it appears, is just the chap for the Ruritanians. Long memories are awkward appendages, and even the British Press has forgotten the things it said about King Carol a few month ago. I recall that delicious scene from *Mariette*. Napoleon III had a great advantage; he wore an imperial. An imperial covers a multitude of chins, even the weakest. A courtly painter may camouflage a weak chin, the inexorable camera cannot. King Carol should never face the camera. There is something irresistible about this king business. Carol has got great glory for leaving his "Mariette." This royal house considers the world well lost for love—just as long as love lasts. No one to-day wastes any sympathy on Carol's "Mariette." Myself I have a sneaking sympathy with M. Bratianu, who is at least sane and logical. I like my gods to have feet of marble and to be stuffed with something more durable than sawdust and copies of the *Daily Mail*.

The Channel Tunnel—Is where it was in 1873, when Mr. Gladstone said (what did Mr. Gladstone say in 1873?) what he said about it. This Channel Tunnel is the King Charles's head of succeeding generations, but why any bonnet should contain this bee in 1930 is hard to comprehend. The scheme was admitted by experts to be as an engineering feat doubtful, from the point of view of military expediency debatable, as a proposition extremely costly, as an aid to employment negligible, and, when achieved, quite certainly fatal to two of our already drooping national industries. And the scheme has been dropped as it deserved to be. It will have its turn again in the 'forties.

National Reserves.—Those in authority who look ahead are beginning to appreciate the importance of instant action if any of the natural advantages of these islands are to be saved from the insane greed of the mob. The first National Reserve of wild flowers is to be instituted at Wanstead. Sentimentalists want to ensure that the childhood memories of their children shall be, like Queen Victoria's, of "daisies on the lawn." The mob, having discovered at last the obvious truth that it has been for a century debarred by the greed of a privileged class from the common heritage of mankind, is acting as mobs in revolt always act—with senselessness and bestiality. Having got possession of the English countryside (thanks to motor-vehicles), it is treating it as it treated Madame de Lamballe, murdering and outraging its body. It is engaged on an insane orgy of destruction and makes a victim of anything beautiful. I hope the movement for organized official preservation will spread. The time has come, in the interests of future social historians, to make a museum, on the Ken Wood lines, of a nineteenth-century manor house, or indeed of a private gentleman's country home, as we remember it before the war. We are only too likely to forget what it was like, for it doesn't exist to-day. The private parks have become parks for enterprising charabancs.

100 per cent. Hogarth.—An unkind (but very just) criticism levelled at the Anglo-Saxon race to-day is that while in its love of sensation and crime details it is outwardly no more cultured than its ancestors whom Hogarth vitriolically immortalized, yet it has not the nerve nor the "guts" of that robust and coarse age. But better news comes from America. In Nevada State Prison they decided last week to kill a murderer with poison gas—as an interesting experiment. No fewer than fifty-three persons clamoured for admission to the spectacle, some women among them, and everyone was granted the privilege of enjoying the death struggle, which lasted three full minutes. This is much more cheerful reading, and takes the sting out of the criticism of our pessimists. The race is not so black as it is painted.

Identity of the Corpse.—It is rarely that I break my lifelong rule and mention the names of those who adorn or astonish London Society. But a real sympathy with Mrs. Arthur James induces me to do so. The Mrs. Arthur James I refer to is a noted and graceful hostess in London and at Rugby. There has arrived on the stricken field of London Society another Mrs. Arthur James a very young lady in tearing spirits with an unflagging zest for all the latest schemes to brighten the London Season. It was this last-named Mrs James who suffered herself to be murdered by the Duke of Marlborough at Lady Ribblesdale's now famous party—which is ancient history long since. The party is ancient history but the mistake in the identity of the corpse continues rampant. I rubbed my eyes and gasped when I read that Mrs. Arthur James had played a leading part in that tasteless revel, and soon tumbled to the truth. But I find that scores of my acquaintance do not or *will not* believe that the part of the corpse was played by her younger namesake. It must have given great pain to the elder Mrs. James. For I venture to think—if the Duke of Marlborough and Lady Ribblesdale will forgive me—that such a revel is better suited to the really young and should certainly be conducted without publicity. It is curious how often these tasteless and foolish Society stunts are invented by the foreign element in London Society. THE OLD STAGER.

THE ZOO BY LIMELIGHT: On Thursday evenings during the summer the Zoo is now kept open to the public until 11 p.m. The Mappin Terraces are illuminated by huge flood-lights. The polar bears are seen above, probably suffering from heat!

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

A Peeress at Le Touquet : A Fascinating Costume : Sir James Barrie Receives the Freedom of His "Home Town"

AT LE TOUQUET : The Baroness Furnivall, who spent Whitsun at the famous Normandy resort. The Baroness Furnivall is one of the few Englishwomen to hold her title in her own right

A GENIUS OF CHILDHOOD MAKES A NEW YOUNG FRIEND : Sir James Barrie, O.M., with the Hon. Angus Ogilvie, son of Lord and Lady Airlie, when he was made the first Burgess of his native Kirriemuir and opened its sports pavilion

LADIES PREFER PLAID TROUSERS : Miss Anita Loos (Mrs. John Emerson), the famous author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," is seen with Mr. Emerson in her favourite garb on the roof of their London hotel

IN HONOUR OF J. M. BARRIE : When the creator of "Peter Pan" received the freedom of his native Kirriemuir, and was made the first Burgess of his "home town," he opened a new sports pavilion. Sir James Barrie met several members of the old cricket team with which he used to play. The Earl and Countess of Airlie and their children were present and are seen above *from left to right* : The Earl of Airlie, Lord Ogilvy, his son and heir, Lady Grizelda Ogilvy (on the wall), the Countess of Airlie, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy

THE RETURN OF EUROPE'S KINGS

CAROL of ROUMANIA Goes Back to his Ancestral Throne

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: The boy ex-King Michael with his mother, Princess Hélène, and his aunt, Princess Ileana. With them is General Nicoleanu, Prefect of the Secret Police

From Paris and the tempting arms of Magda Lupescu, the handsome daughter of the junk dealer of Bucharest, came "Mr. Charles Blackmountain," otherwise Prince Carol of Roumania, to claim the throne of which he had been deprived by an affronted political oligarchy.

Incidentally he came also to advance the fortunes of the party opposed to that clique, to do something for the peasant masses, to reform (if that be possible in traditionally corrupt Roumania) the administration, to enchant a bored army, to alarm Queen Marie, startle Princess Hélène, release his friends from gaol, make his enemies tremble, and cause that mysterious, powerful, somewhat sinister figure, Prince Stirbay, Queen Marie's intimate, almost to jump out of his skin.

So once again real life (in the Balkans) outdoes in romance, fantasy, and high adventure the Graustark novels and the Zenda melodramas. And again the world is reminded—an aspect of the affair which should not be missed—that the stock of the kings appears to be slowly but steadily rising in old Europe.

When thrones were crashing and monarchs were fleeing after the war prophets said that the twilight of the kings had fallen, and that soon the dark night of republicanism would lie over the Old World from London to Bucharest and from Rome to Stockholm and Oslo. They spoke too soon. The kings displayed an unexpected vitality.

Don Alphonso of Spain has survived several major national crises and the rise and fall of a dictator, and is more strongly entrenched than ever. Zogu of Albania has turned himself from a mountain chieftain into a king. The Italian monarchy flourishes, although in cold storage. The Jugoslavian king, confronted by a first-class political crisis, himself assumed the rôle of dictator. "Little Willie" is back in Germany, and monarchist sentiment will not allow a Republican Government to turn him out. Even France has a royalist party whose potentialities are such that the "Pretender" and his son are kept exiled by the French Government. As for Greece, it only needs a turn of the political wheel to restore ex-King George.

For kings serve a purpose in the political systems of old Europe, and people who interfere with the succession or pull a king out of a national structure sometimes find they are in danger of having the entire fabric fall about their ears. As in Roumania.

A glance behind the monarchical and political scenes in Roumania is here necessary to illuminate the causes of Carol's return. For he is a prince who represents something more than himself, and he has not been brought back because the politico-military group who organized the coup could think of no better way of passing the time.

The significant history of Carol begins from the time when Jon Bratianu, the keen, grim, bearded *boyar*, master (with his relatives and friends) of Roumania for a generation, having been forced to make peace with the Hohenzollern-Hapsburg combination, and a revolt having broken out in the unoccupied portion of Roumania, Carol took all for lost and retired to Odessa, and there married the lovely Zizi, daughter of Major Lambrino of the Roumanian army.

But after all, the war gamble of the Bratianu clique and Queen Marie (the Hohenzollern Ferdinand was a cypher in this big play) turned out wonderfully well. With the kingdom doubled in size and population—thanks to British, French, Italian, and American troops and the munificence of the peacemakers of Versailles—the Queen and Bratianu had great schemes and dreams, seeing the Ruritanian kingdom on the high road to becoming a first-class Power, the dominating nation in a *bloc* extending from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

The love-lorn Carol was an obstacle to these high plans. Carol had not been brought into the world to follow a destiny so ignominious as a quiet and happy life with a major's daughter. Matrimonial alliances—not mere marriages—were needed. One of Queen Marie's daughters was destined for the throne of Greece. That link must be strengthened by the union of Carol and Princess Hélène of Greece.

Carol and his wife were now in Bucharest. They were separated, on the calculation that absence in this cause would not make the heart (at least of Carol) grow fonder. Carol was packed off to a provincial garrison. An agent of Bratianu's accompanied him. Zizi and her baby son remained in Bucharest, ignored by the Court and spied upon by Bratianu's secret police. The end of this little drama was the annulment of the marriage by the Roumanian Supreme Court and the despatch of Carol on a voyage round the world.

On his return a year later Carol met Princess Hélène by arrangement in Switzerland, and in due course they were married with much pomp and ceremony. The gratified Bratianu, taking it for granted that Carol would now toe the line and prove amenable to political discipline, made him head of a department in the air service, housed in the War Office.

This was the first time Carol had lived in close touch with politics and State affairs. He saw graft, corruption, and oppression on every side. He saw the Bratianu clique running the country as a squire might run his estate. He fell out with the clique. He was unwise enough to threaten them. They gathered that when he became king there would be no more rubber-stamp signatures. They need expect from King Carol no aid in the great game of naming the Premier *before* the elections, so that the Premier could control all the forces of the State and the machinery of government, and "make" the elections by methods varying from bribery to intimidation and violence.

These clashes provided the Chancelleries with half their gossip at this time. "The latest from Bucharest" was the story of the night at dinner parties. One tale had it that Carol, in the course of a quarrel, had struck the eminent Prince Stirbay, Bratianu's brother-in-law, and the latter's focus-point of influence with Queen Marie, heavily in the eye.

To make matters worse for the Bratianu regime, King Ferdinand was discovered to be suffering from an incurable disease, the progress of which to a fatal end could be determined with some precision.

It was therefore not surprising for those aware of the situation to learn that Carol's office had been raided during his absence in London to attend Queen Alexandra's funeral, and two of his friends arrested on a charge of taking bribes, and a public scandal made of the affair. Bratianu invited him to abdicate, in the manner of the chief prosecutor inviting the innocent Dreyfus to commit suicide. Carol, fed-up, yielded to the forces arrayed against him, signed the document presented to him, and went off to the Lido, wiring to the now celebrated Magda Lupescu to join him and live happy ever after. (His uncle, Carol I, having taken care of him in his will, Carol is rich.)

Bratianu lived long enough after the passing of Ferdinand to prevent Carol's return by the expedient of the Council of Regency (he had to overcome the natural desire of the ambitious Queen to be sole regent) and the proclamation of little Michael as King. The clique had the boy to train and mould from boyhood up, and for fifteen years anyway could do much as they liked behind the cloak of the Regency, their own instrument.

But they did not foresee the rapid rise to potitical power of the despised and oppressed peasant masses under the political leadership of Professor Maniu, nor did they anticipate that the reclaimed Roumanians, freed by the war and brought within the aggrandized kingdom, would have ideas and wills of their own, and that these would clash sharply with those of the clique.

Hence demonstrations, proclamations, massings most alarming to the powers-that-were. Maniu threatened to march on Bucharest as Mussolini had marched on Rome. Behind the scenes France and Italy passed and repassed, dim but dangerous shadows, engaging in diplomatic and political rapier-play for the advantage of predominant influence in Roumanian politics. Carol, the hope of the Maniu group (and of Italy), came to England and engaged in a gamble with the mysterious Jonescu, the stakes being his throne. But the time was not ripe and the gamble failed.

Bratianu could have done something had he been alive. But he had now followed the harassed Ferdinand into the shades whence none return. Hesitant men reigned in his place. They had to yield the government to Maniu, and brace themselves for "a come-back" in due course, reckoning on the Council of Regency to aid them when they were ready.

The only hope now of Maniu and Vaida, the peasant leaders, and Professor Jorga, their ally, leading the National-Democrats, was a king who would be as friendly to them as Ferdinand had been to the Bratianu clique. And so, choosing a time when he, as premier, controlled the state machinery and forces, and when that formidable lady, Queen Marie, had gone to Oberammergau for one of those thrills without which she cannot endure life, he said the word which brought Carol back.

A very neat coup. The Bratianu clique, furious, could do nothing but protest. Queen Marie, a supple diplomat, gracefully accepted the situation. Coached by Maniu and Carol's friend, the financier Mihai Manoilescu, Carol on arrival did all the correct things, from issuing political and military amnesties to seeking a reconciliation with Princess Hélène and laying a wreath on his father's tomb.

Quiet now reigns in Ruritania-Roumania. But how the complicated relations of the three women in the case—Princess Hélène, Magda Lupescu, and Zizi Lambrino—with the King who has come back are going to be finally settled remains to be seen.

WHEN ENGLAND DID NOT WANT HIM: A composite picture of King Carol with the little daughter of his host in Britain, M. Jonescu, and Madame Lupescu, who has alternated with the Crown for his favour for many years

CHARACTERS in ROUMANIA'S DRAMA

THE SOLACE OF EXILE: King Carol, during the period of his banishment, with Madame Lupescu, the auburn-haired beauty, for love of whom the hero of the recent coup d'état left his country and his crown. It was confidently stated at the moment of writing that Madame Lupescu is posting across Europe to Bucharest

TO BE REUNITED? King Carol II and the wife who divorced him, Princess Hélène—a picture taken before the beauty of Madame Lupescu drew him from his country and his royalty. It is hoped by all legitimists and royalists in Europe that a remarriage will shortly take place

A FAMILY GROUP: Princess Hélène, King Carol II, Princess Irene of Greece (sister of Princess Hélène), and Prince Nicholas of Roumania. Prince Nicholas, for some years one of the Council of Regency appointed by the Bratianu group, it is stated, was more than delighted at the news of his brother's projected coup d'état, as he, like the new-made king, finds "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r" irksome to him. It is confidently rumoured that he, too, counts the world—or his not inconsiderable share of it—well lost for love, and will shortly ally himself with the lady of his choice—an aristocrat not of royal blood of his own land

THE BOY WHOSE DREAM HAS COME TRUE: Prince Michael of Alba Julia, until last week the King of Roumania. To Prince Michael, his lost crown means nothing; he is only delighted that his father, who was, he was informed, on a long journey, has returned. King Carol, on the first day of his accession to the throne, took his son for a triumphal drive through the streets of Bucharest. The King kissed the hand of his ex-wife, Princess Hélène, on calling for the Prince, and on taking him back to the Kisseleff Palace, where Michael is still living with his mother

CUTTING A SWATH: A close finish in the speed-boat race in the annual Barry Regatta held at Whitmore Bay, Cardiff, on Whit Saturday

SPORT in the SUN

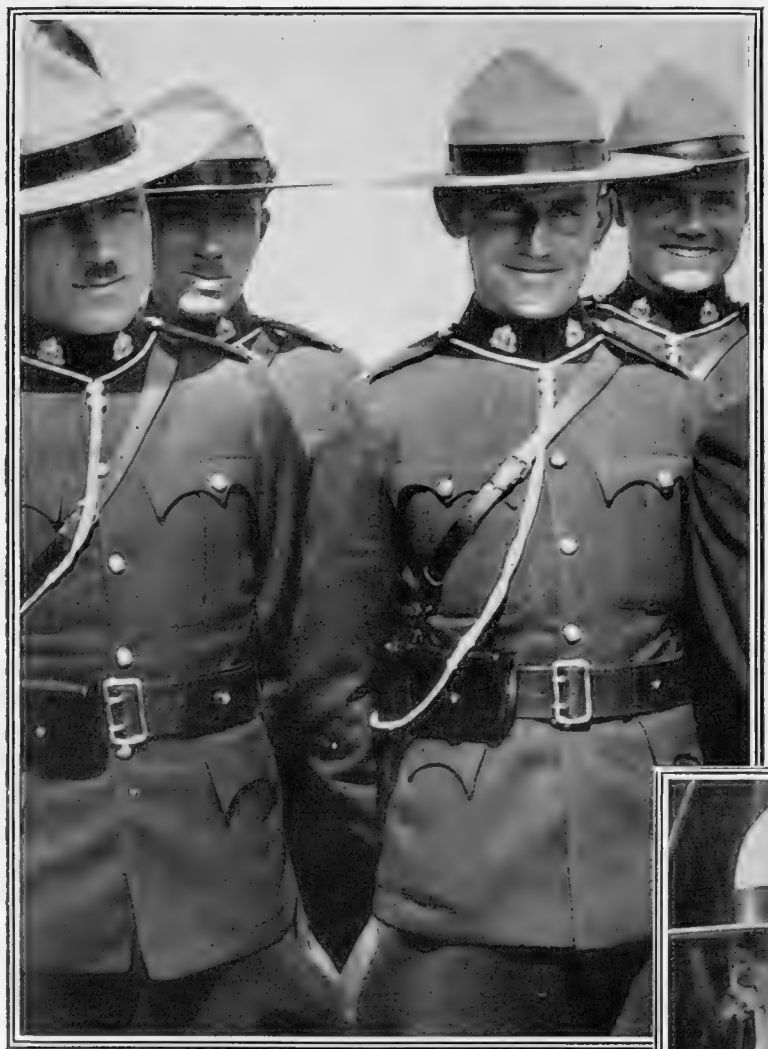
Whit-Week-end Vignettes Out by the Water

ON THE MARK: An impromptu ladies' motor-cycle race staged on the sands near Bognor. The fair weather of Whitsun provided opportunities galore for the youth and age of Britain to enjoy themselves according to their varied tastes—opportunities they took with both hands

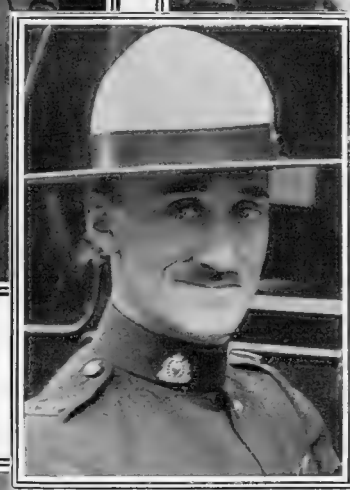
A PRECARIOUS PERCH: A thrilling moment during the Royal Canoe Club's Whitsun Meeting at Teddington Reach. The canoe in the foreground is seen close-hauled, i.e. with its boom pulled as far over to the windward as is possible, thereby reducing as far as possible the area of the sail offered to the breeze. Canoeing is at best precarious; when canvas is spread it is as thrilling as motor-racing

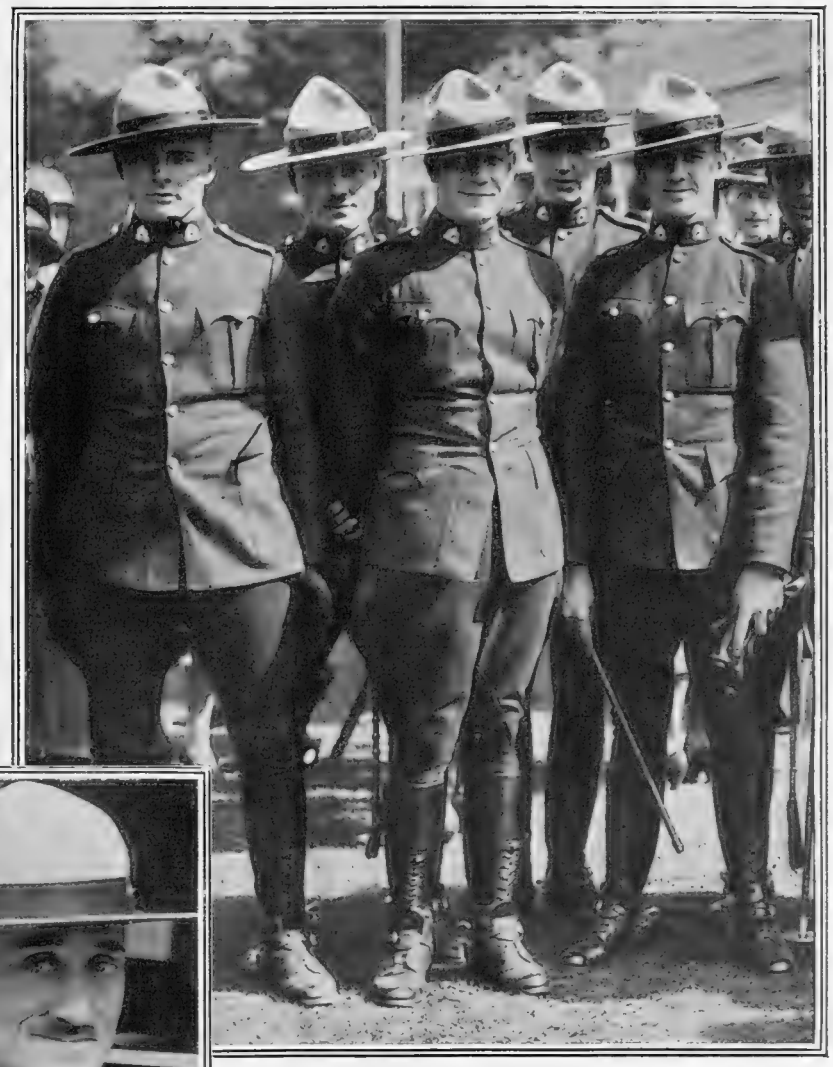
The "MOUNTIES" COME to TOWN

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police in London: A Sports Triumph at Stamford Bridge



MEMBERS OF A FIGHTING FORCE: Two of the "Mounties"—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (late the Royal North-West Mounted Police)—who have come to town for the Horse Show





REPRESENTING CANADA: Constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the motto of which force is "Get Your Man." The R.C.M.P. visited Ranelagh for the Mounted Sports Meeting

THEY'RE OFF!": The British Games Meeting at Stamford Bridge on Whit Monday provided many thrills. Paavo Nurmi shattered a 6-mile record with his usual machine-like skill, beating Shrubb's twenty-six-year-old time by 23 seconds, and Lord Burghley lowered by 3 of a second the previous British record in the 120-yards hurdles. The Achilles Club trounced the Stade Français and the Berliner and Deutscher Club Teams. The "sprinting block" was on view and is seen above being demonstrated by J. E. London and W. J. Simmons (nearer camera). *Inset above*—A "MOUNTIE": Sergeant-Major G. Griffith of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who for the first time in twenty years met Mr. C. Seymour, a Londoner. They both joined up in 1902. The meeting took place in Hyde Park. The great thrill of this year's Horse Show bids fair to be the "Mounties," who, ever popular in fiction, are now to be seen by London *in propriâ personâ*

With the Walkers at Whitsuntide

"THANK HEAVEN IT ISN'T A BULL": Three pedestrians pluck up their courage on the Downs

IN THE SHADOW OF THE VALLEY OF THE ROCKS: A sestet of "hikers" give tongue in the manner of Continental walkers as they stride from Watersmeet to Myrtleberry, North Devon. This picture is typical of thousands of similar happy groups over the gloriously sunny Whit-week-end

"TO BE SUITABLY DRESSED IS TO BE WELL DRESSED": Three perfectly garbed young athletes near Amberley. The skirt—and even breeches—are rapidly becoming *démodé* in favour of shorts, tennis shirts, and sweaters. Bérets, however, continue to preserve their charm

BRIAND — the Bohemian

By LELAND STOWE

Reporter, "Bon Viveur," Silver-tongued Orator, Shrewd Statesman, and Student of Men, Aristide Briand, Eleven Times Premier of France, is a Unique Figure

UNTIDY AND CARELESS IN APPEARANCE: Briand has the eye which, caring nothing for externals, pierces ever to the reality beneath

Aristide Briand always has been and still is a Bohemian. He was such when, as a fiery young Radical in the '90s, he used to play poker nightly in the Café du Croissant in Montmartre, and when luck was poor removed one shoe and placed it on the table as a *porte-bonheur*. To-day when M. Briand finds himself in a tight political situation he is quite as capable of figuratively removing his shoe in the hope that luck will turn. In fact his doctrine might almost be said to be, "If the shoe doesn't fit one foot perhaps it will the other." Under the genius of France's great Bohemian statesman more often than not it does.

Yet that genius for re-shuffling the political cards until at last they make a passable hand is an attribute of M. Briand's far more generally known than his Bohemianism. The latter quality is known only to his friends, to his political associates, and to journalists who have been close to him through one premiership and then another.

The list of premierships held by M. Briand has reached eleven, but the man himself has not changed. He is still a young dreamer, aged only by experience. He is still shabby, unkempt, and as absent-minded as a college professor. He remains an enthusiast, an ardent follower of his dreams; his recent proposal for a "United States of Europe" is a proof of this, for it is certainly part of a plan, a hope for the security of Europe that he has carried through the years. He is still a lover of poker and cards. Still a man of Bohemia.

Could you look in at him one morning at eight or nine o'clock in his apartment upstairs in the Quai d'Orsay you would see the real Briand whom his intimates know so well. His secretary has called with a bundle of morning papers, a stack of important documents and letters relating to the foreign affairs of France. There, in his inner chamber, stands the distinguished apostle of European peace. Scarcely out of his bath, a faded old lounging robe carelessly pulled around his semi-hunched shoulders and portly midriff, drooping moustache more frayed than ever, hair awry, a cigarette between his teeth.

"What is it this morning?" seating himself to start pulling on a stocking. "Continuez! Continuez! Oui, oui. . . . Oui, oui, oui. . . . Non, non! . . . Oui, oui."

Perhaps by now he has leaned back in his easy chair, to puff more leisurely at his before-breakfast cigarette and to listen with half-closed eyes to his secretary's daily report. To begin a day hurriedly would be to spoil it for M. Briand. He prefers to dress gradually, to make a slow transition from night dreams to day dreams. Especially he prefers to have the foreign affairs of a nation laid out by degrees before him. Interrupting only with a quick "Oui, oui!", a sharp "Non, non!" or a brief question, he lets a sub-official draw the International diagram—between socks and slippers, shirt and old-style cravat—while he looks at the world of French International policies through a pleasant, detached haze . . . of tobacco smoke and something else. Such is M. Briand — *toujours l'homme de la Bohème.*

In his younger days they knew him well in Montmartre. Not the Montmartre of the 1930 tourists' vintage, but the old Montmartre of artists and singers, poets and reporters, youth and youth's extremist ideas. M. Briand was then a young journalist on the staff of the Socialist newspaper *La Lanterne*, an organ bitterly campaigning against the priests and the Church, for secularized schools and complete independence of State and Church. The extent of his early ardour may be judged by the title of the column which he wrote daily. It was called "Les Monstres en Soutane"—"Monsters in Cassock." What curious irony that the past year should have revealed its author formulating and inserting in the 1929 Budget the Articles 70 and 71 which precipitated the downfall of M. Poincaré's Government of National Union, and which were designed to restore to the clergy certain of the rights which M. Briand in the old days had fought so uncompromisingly to deprive them of.

But M. Briand in those days saw the clergy, perhaps with some reason, in an entirely different light from to-day. Time has taught him both the value of a middle course and the rewards of expediency and less need of compromises. Something else he needed far more, and had it, even as now—the power of a rare eloquence. For it was his golden tongue, much more than his sword-like pen, which lifted Briand above his fellows at an early age and made of him a marked young man.

Those who sprawled with him about a wooden table-top in the smoky interior of the Café du Croissant knew it well. Did there chance among their number a defender of clericalism, cards and stakes were soon forgotten while the youthful leader in shoddy attire vented his eloquence against *les monstres en soutane.* Here was a realist, a sceptic, but above all, an orator. So it was that the young man from Brittany found his place in the Bohemia of the City of Light; tried his spurs, and won them, and in due time was rewarded by election to the Chamber of Deputies, where he has been a power ever since.

But *La Bohème* was in his blood and in his heart, as much his life as the forum for which Nature had shaped him. The years were to change neither the one nor the other. Something of Old Montmartre's laughter and *laisser faire* has clung to him from the Café du Croissant to the Quai d'Orsay. And the old comrades are not forgotten. In fact one of them—M. Peycelon—he brought with him from the provinces to Montmartre, and from Montmartre to the Quai d'Orsay. There M. Peycelon functions in an official capacity of his own, and when the day's work is ended you will find him, more often than not, seated at a table with his boyhood idol . . . both oblivious to all but the shifting fortunes of *piquet* or poker. Does M. Briand again remove his shoe and place it on the table for a *porte-bonheur?* No one knows for certain except that inner circle of his, but it is very probable that he does.

The French Foreign Minister recently gave an unusual interview to newspaper correspondents which a shrewd head-line writer on a Paris journal captioned thus: "A portrait of M. Briand by M. Briand." The self-painted portrait was this:

"I am not what one might call an illusionary, and I am a man peaceful enough. Those who are rather badly disposed towards me say that I am a visionary. Despite all that, I know that I am a man sufficiently persevering. When by chance an idea comes to me I persist in it, and I don't let myself be deceived by illusions."

M. Briand's portrait is a true one. Throughout his long public life whenever "an idea has come to him" he has persisted in it with the true tenacity of a born Breton. Therein lies the success of his policy of Locarno. It is that which explains the vigour which still typifies his policy of *rapprochement* with Germany.

There are countless incidents illustrative of Briand, the student of men. And countless *bons mots* ejected from beneath the scraggly Briandian moustache for an eager Paris to pick up and chuckle over . . . all sprung from the wisdom of understanding and a clear vision.

If you dislike being searchingly scrutinized you would not enjoy an interview with the French Foreign Minister. As he talks to men and as they talk to him he studies them closely. Mentally he notes their strong points and their weaknesses. In a fifteen-minute conversation he can weigh and evaluate the most suave of European statesmen with rare accuracy. The facts they cite to him he hears but partially, or even ignores completely. He never ignores the man.

Briand is the roving centre of the European football team. He roves, he observes. And where the opponent's line is weakest he charges. That is why Briand's speeches are almost never written in advance. Before making an important address in the Chamber or at Geneva the French Minister of Foreign Affairs talks things over with his associates. In his room he muses, doubtless pulls his generous moustache over more than one knotty problem; puffs countless cigarettes. Here is a situation. He creates it in his mind, and paper is largely unnecessary.

In fact the written preparation for a Briand speech is frequently but a few notes scribbled on scrap-paper or on visiting cards which he sticks in various pockets. One day, while discussing the Franco-Italian situation in the Chamber, M. Briand had tucked into his pockets such scraps of notes filled with statistics of the Italian army and navy. As he reached that moment in his address where he wished to use them Briand plunged his hand into one pocket, then another. In none did he find the notes. Without hesitation, however, the veteran orator improvised sentence after sentence, still groping for his notes. M. Briand was still pouring forth sweet generalities when Peycelon finally noted his embarrassment and slipped another notation of the figures into his hand.

There is probably no statesman in Europe so gifted as Briand in hitting upon the right and happy phrase at the right moment. It is part of his genius, just as a master 'cellist strikes the perfect deep note.

ELEVEN TIMES PREMIER: A study of the Foreign Minister, Briand, with his inevitable cigarette, considering the case of Europe

High Festival a

Whit-Sunday Ce

UNTOUCHED BY THE RESTORER: The Plönlein, a picturesque corner of the medieval town of Rothenburg. Since the sixteenth century the old Bavarian settlement has remained untouched by builder or restorer to its greater beauty and charm

OF THE RENAISSANCE: The beautiful but sadly weather-worn portal of the Rathaus of Rothenburg. It dates back to the year of the Armada, 1588

A PAGEANT OF ANCIENT DAYS: The burgomaster receives Tilly's summons to surrender the town—a scene from a play produced every year at Whitsuntide

IN THE MARKET SQUARE: An evolution, the Shepherd Dance, based on the 200-year-old tale of Peter Bloch, an old shepherd, who built St. Wolfgang's Church

Old ROTHENBURG

...nonies in a Medieval Town

THE SHEPHERD DANCE: A Whit-Sunday tradition in Rothenburg. It is founded on an old legend—that of Peter Bloch

RELICS OF THE EARLIEST TOWN: The Roder Arch and St. Mark's Tower, relics of the earliest town wall, demolished in the thirteenth century

CHARACTERS IN "DER MEISTERTRUNK?" OR "TILLY AT ROTHENBURG"—a play which is to some extent to civic history in the town what the Passion Play is to religious life in Ober-Ammergau

DATING BACK TO 1608: The Herterich Fountain

The Historical Festival Play of "The Meistertrunk" *i.e.* (The Master Draught), or "Tilly at Rothenburg," is performed every Whit-Sunday in the Rathaus of Rothenburg. It is based on the following event. In 1631, during the Thirty Years' War, General Tilly besieged Rothenburg with 30,000 Imperial troops. Day after day the defenders, consisting almost entirely of citizens, aided by women and even children succeeded in repelling the enemy. At length, after several breaches were made in the walls, the army of Tilly entered. Exasperated by the unexpected resistance the town was given up to plunder and its councillors sentenced to death. The chief burgomaster, Bergold, was ordered to fetch the executioner, but refused and offered his own head. This delay was used by his daughter to offer Tilly the old Imperial goblet filled with the best wine as a cup of welcome. Tilly and his captains being prevailed upon to drink the contents their humour decidedly improved. Tilly at length promised to pardon the councillors provided that one of the aldermen should empty the goblet at one draught. Burgomaster Nusch took up the challenge and succeeded in emptying the bowl. The ancient goblet, which has a capacity of three litres, is used in the play, which is acted entirely by the citizens of the town.

The part of Burgomaster Bergold, who is seen in our picture reading the summons to surrender brought by a soldier of Tilly's army, is played by the schoolmaster. The Rothenburg Shepherds' Dance which is performed on Whit-Sunday and on other special occasions in the market-place of the ancient Bavarian town is founded on the 200-year-old fairy tale of Peter Bloch, an old shepherd who dug up a treasure, and out of gratitude built the Church of St. Wolfgang. All shepherds for three miles around walked in procession through the town, afterwards holding a mighty drinking bout and dance

Pictured by Donald McLeish

WHERE THE HORSE IS STILL A VITAL FACTOR IN LIFE: A group of equines on the Puszta—the great plain of Hungary—where excellent horses are reared by peasants in their picturesque clothes

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

MAN'S EQUINE FRIEND.—Horse-lovers, anxiously querying the fate of the noble animal in the modern scheme of mechanized civilization, should be reassured by the latest statistics of the National Horse Association and other authorities, on world equine population.

It is claimed that there are at least 100,000,000 horses in human service. America leads by employing 20,000,000 horses and mules. Germany has nearly 4,000,000. France 3,000,000, while Britain maintains more than a million. When Queen Victoria was a child there were only four grown horses and one colt in the whole of Australia. To-day there are over 2,250,000 in that country.

Russia, Mongolia, Central Asia, Arabia, remain unchanged as lands where the horse stands supreme as man's friend and chief support, providing transport for nomad tribes, the price of a bride, food, fur, leather, mare's milk. The horse is man's companion in war and sport all over the world. Immortalized by his masters since prehistoric artists expressed their admiration on cave walls, through the famous epochs of Parrocel, Vanloo, Swebach, Vernet, de Dreux, and countless others, perhaps the greatest recognition is accorded by the Japanese, who are honouring 1930 as the Year of the Horse, according to the zoological zodiac of Japan and China. In the old calendar the sequence of the last three years has been Hare, Dragon, Horse. The horse also figures importantly in religion and superstition in the Far East. To wash one's head on the "day of the horse" is to court the risk of suddenly acquiring a shock of red hair, according to the superstitious. Our traditional and cherished hobby-horse surely originates in Japan, where singers carrying a miniature horse's head on a pole were wont to herald spring with "Harukoma" or "Horse's Song."

HARBIN, CRADLE OF PEACE—OR WAR.—"Intermarriage between nations is the secret of world peace," a Red Russian assured me in China a few years ago. If this is true, the North Manchuria maelstrom of conflict should be better known as the Cradle of Peace. A new race is developing there as a result of mixed unions between Chinese and White Russians. It has been estimated that between 50,000 and 100,000 children of mixed blood cement East and West in the railway zone.

More than 150,000 White Russians live in the Chinese Eastern Railway districts. Without country, nationality, or worldly possessions, in many cases their economic position is even worse than the unenviable lot of the native Chinese workpeople. Intangible barriers of race and colour have broken down, resulting in thousands of marriages between Chinese men and Russian women. Russian Harbin discourages such unions, but still the numbers of the "new race" increase and flourish. Time alone will prove whether these children are destined to be the torchbearers of that new era of peace anticipated by my Russian friend, or strengthening stakes in the dividing wall of colour-prejudice.

PROGRESS ? ? ?———.—We like to imagine the flattering admiration of our ancestors if suddenly plunged into the amenities of our wonder-age. But when an aeroplane flew over the ancient Chinese city of Shenchow for the first time in history the other day, the frenzied inhabitants turned out with gongs and cymbals to frighten away what they took to be the horrible "Kiu Tau Niaio"—the mythological nine-headed bird of ill-omen. Originally he had ten heads but lost one in a fight. This sinister visitation, which by mere chance fell on the ninth day of the ninth moon, was no more than a Nationalist aeroplane proceeding to the front. Citizens shot at it with rifles. The Chinese pilots imagining they were being attacked, retaliated with bombs, killing cattle.

When the *Graf Zeppelin* flew over mysterious Siberia last summer, looming weirdly in the sky over isolated villages, I watched the terrified people rush to the churches for protection against the celestial monster. Soviet or no Soviet, transfixed with shock they crouched in the shadow of the holy walls. We could see them quite plainly through our glasses. In other parts they scattered to the forests for imagined safety.

Gulyas, an old Hungarian herdsman of the Hortobágy plain, who had never left his primitive birthplace, knew nothing of trains, trams, electricity, wireless, or cinema, was taken by well-meaning friends to visit Debrecen. He proved indefatigable in enthusiasm to see everything he had so far missed in his life. Then he went home and committed suicide next day.

When I was in Korea I heard a story about the ex-Emperor of this "Land of Morning Calm." Deprived of his high office when the Japanese annexed Korea, the education and modernization of the ex-Crown Prince was the especial care of the progressive Japanese. But the Emperor was not altogether convinced of his son's well-being. To reassure and comfort the Imperial father, Japanese authorities kind-heartedly arranged a special cinema show of a film taken of the Prince at sports, in travel, at public functions. The sight of his son on the screen confirmed the ex-Emperor's worst fears. He believed he saw his son's ghost. With one heartrending shriek the old man collapsed.

——— BUT REAL PROGRESS IN JAPAN.—The recent marriage of Miss Chiyono Sugimoto to Eiichi Kiyooka, a relative of Prime Minister Hamaguchi in Tokyo, echoes the immortal romance, *A Daughter of the Samurai*, one of the most famous books on Japanese life ever published.

Chiyono is "Little Chiyo," youngest daughter of the heroine, "Etsu-bo Sama," now Mrs. Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto, the authoress of the classical biography.

I walked right into the living pages of the book last year when I was in Japan. I found the grown-up Etsu-bo Sama, her beloved "American Mother," and "little Chiyo" in the dainty setting of a Japanese house, through whose open shutters I could see sacred Mount Fuji in ever-changing aspects. Kneeling on the golden straw *tatami* (matting), Chiyono shyly showed me some of her engagement gifts. Etsu-bo Sama's own romance is chronicled in picturesque contrast to those of her two daughters. Hanano, "Flower in a Strange Land," is already happily married. Chiyono, in all the glory of white satin and orange blossom, has been wedded in a Christian church. When Etsu-bo Sama long years ago travelled alone from the old Samurai stronghold of Echigo, the frozen outpost of Northern Japan "Behind the Mountains," to America to become the wife of an Americanized Japanese, the choice of her brother, an American mother—a stranger to the Japanese family in Echigo—sent a letter of welcome to the fiancée, and of reassurance to the real mother in Japan. The letter "was placed within the shrine, and before it curling incense was carrying upward the deep thanks of a mother's heart."

Etsu-bo Sama learned the ways of the West. Her children are striking examples of modern Japanese youth, with culture and reverence enough to respect tradition, education, and enterprise enough to be called "modern," and common sense to blend the two gracefully in distinctive individuality.

Mrs. Sugimoto had been telling me of her own engagement and marriage. Chiyono added, "Even in these days it is not yet the custom for a Japanese girl to have a voice in the choice of her husband. But I am privileged, for my mother approves the Western way of doing such things. We have considered my more conservative relatives by observing all the traditional customs. But we feel that it is *our* turn now—the turn of Youth—so, in defiance of old custom, I know my fiancé, we are already comrades and friends. Something unheard of a few years ago," she smiled at her mother.

The Daughter of the Samurai travelled an unknown way to an unknown husband. The Granddaughter of the Samurai is going to America now with her husband as "comrade and friend."

A VISIT FROM KOREA: A group of girls from a province of Japan, incorporated in the Empire as recently as 1910, visit Tokyo

PAYING HONOUR TO THE FIRST EMPEROR OF JAPAN: Prince and Princess Takamatsu visit the Imperial tomb of Jimmu Tenno, the first of Japan's Emperors. He established his capital at Kashiwabara in the province Yamato

JAPAN'S OWN LITTLE DUCHESS

The Japanese Princess who is a welcome visitor to London this season is strongly reminiscent in her natural charm and appearance to our own delightful Duchess of York. She is here seen in her native land and en route for England

PAYING HONOUR TO THE SEA GOD: Prince and Princess Takamatsu (brother and sister-in-law of the Mikado), before embarking on the long sea-voyage to Europe, visited the Sumiyoshi Shrine, Osaka, where they were received by a Shinto-ist priest. Inset above *the Royal couple is seen on board the liner* Kashina Maru *at Naples, where they paid a short visit* en route *to Britain, where they will return the "call" the Duke of Gloucester paid last year on Japan*

A VICTORY FOR BRITAIN: The aeroplane built by Saunders-Roe, Ltd., under the supervision of Sir Henry Segrave. This notable achievement in design is discussed at length in the accompanying article

By C. G. GREY
(Editor of "The Aeroplane")

SOMETHING NEW in the AIR WORLD

The Astonishing Progress and Popularity of the Private Flying Machine—Its Latest Development with a Twin-engined Type

If air transport is ever going to amount to anything (which it *is*, no matter what pessimists may say to the contrary), its first claim to serious consideration must be speed. There is little object in flying anywhere, after the first fascination of the new game has worn off, unless one can get there quicker by air than by road or rail. And though our merged railways are not as fast as they used to be in the good old days of races between the "grouse trains" to Scotland, some of them still put up a good-looking 60 m.p.h. over long stretches. And many a good, safe car-driver can keep to an average of 40 m.p.h. on the road.

Remember, an aeroplane when it is *in* the air travels *with* the air, just as a man walking on the deck of a ship travels *with* the ship. For example, if an aeroplane has a speed of 90 m.p.h. and meets a 40 m.p.h. head-wind it will only do 50 m.p.h. over the ground (that is to say 90 minus 40 m.p.h.). But if it is travelling *with* the wind it will do 90 plus 40, or 130 m.p.h.

I remember Lawrence Hope telling me that when he was coming back from Africa, whither he had been to fetch photographs of the Prince of Wales' game-hunting tour, he met a *mistral* along the Riviera which almost blew him to a standstill. He was flying the same Moth in which Miss Johnson flew to Australia and, he said solemnly, little boys on scooters were overtaking him and passing him as he flew along the Promenade des Anglais at Nice.

Therefore designers of modern aeroplanes, big as well as little, are thinking in terms of 130 to 150 m.p.h. for their top speeds, with comfortable cruising speeds of 110 to 130 m.p.h. Also, just as everybody except a few fresh-air fiends wants a saloon car in these days, so most people want cabin-aeroplanes instead of the old open-cockpit type.

Consequently when speed is in the air, or perhaps I should say when speed in the air is wanted, what could be more natural than that Sir Henry Segrave should turn his record-breaking experience to good account? People who know Sir Henry as the driver of the world's fastest automobile probably do not realize how much time he spent on scientific research in the problems of streamlining. And few people know that during the war, 1914–18, he was a single-seat fighter pilot of considerable note in the R.F.C.

During the past few months he has spent much of his time in designing and superintending the construction of a high-speed touring aeroplane which has been built by Saunders-Roe, Ltd., of Cowes, to the order of the Aircraft Investment Corporation, Ltd., of which he is the technical adviser. Last month (on May 28 to be precise) the machine made its first flight from the aerodrome at Cowes. As the accompanying illustration shows, it is of quite a new type, so its immediate success on its first flight is all the more creditable to its designers and builders.

In technical language—which will probably be understood by most people in these days of universal armindedness—it is a low-wing, twin-engined cabin monoplane. As a generic description there is nothing new about that. Most of the all-aluminium Junkers monoplanes used by the German Luft Hansa air lines are the same. But they have about 800 h.p. apiece to carry about ten people at 90 m.p.h. or so, whereas the Segrave Meteor (as it has been named officially) does just on 140 m.p.h. with four people and about 220 h.p. There is a world of difference between 80 h.p. per person for 90 m.p.h. and 55 h.p. per person for 140 m.p.h. And the difference is got by sheer efficiency.

FOR TWO—AND A CHAPERONE! The De Havilland Puss Moth two-seater (with an occasional third seat) cabin monoplane. The engine is an inverted D.H. "Gypsy III"

Even the non-technical eye, looking at the side-view of the machine, can see that it must just slip through the air like an eel through water. And a look at the front view shows that, barring the under-carriage and wheels, there is no obstruction to the air except the small amount of each engine projecting above and below the wings. The under-carriage has been reduced to what at school we were taught to call the Least Common Measure. And the engines—which are the new inverted (or upside-down) De Havilland Gypsies of 110 h.p. each—are built almost entirely into the wings, so that they add very little to the head-resistance.

The idea in having twin-engines naturally is that if one stops the other will give enough power to keep the machine in the air till a safe alighting-place is reached. Actually in her trial flight this machine climbed with one engine, instead of merely maintaining her height, and turned easily with and against the pull of the one engine.

The Meteor is in fact not only the smallest twin-engined cabin aeroplane ever built but a good deal the fastest. And she ought to be very tempting to the type of man who to-day runs a high-speed Sports saloon car. Hitherto the Americans have had a monopoly of four-seat cabin machines of about 200 h.p. to 250 h.p., but they have all been single-engined jobs, without the safeguard of the second engine, and all of them are much slower than the Meteor. So here we have a handsome lead over our competitors.

Another new aeroplane which has met with immediate success is the De Havilland Puss Moth. This is a high-wing single-engined cabin monoplane which seats two, though it has a third seat which *can* be used at the sacrifice of a small amount of comfort and of a certain amount of petrol, which means decreasing the range. This machine has one inverted Gypsy engine, and its top speed is 130 m.p.h., with a cruising speed of about 110 m.p.h.

Even the most optimistic of us have been surprised at its success, not only at its performance, but at the way people have rushed to buy it. The first experimental machine was only produced and flown by Captain Geoffrey de Havilland about six or eight weeks ago, and the first of the production model appeared at Brooklands about a fortnight ago. And already a hundred of them are definitely ordered. The price is £1,000, so that means £100,000 worth of business booked from a single sample — which would not be a bad turnover in any line of business and is rather startling in a quite new business such as the aircraft trade is.

The puzzling thing is, where do all the aeroplanes go, and who buys them, and where does the money come from—considering that we are supposed to be a poor bankrupt country with a few poverty-stricken Dominions and Colonies overseas? The De Havilland Company had sold 1,000 Moths of the old biplane type up to the end of 1929—and that meant a turnover of at least £750,000. It is a good deal of money, even though Moths are being used in every country in the world.

We used to be puzzled in just the same way in the early days of motoring. Somebody would put a car on the market at £750 or so, and the wiseacres used to say that the thing would never sell. And yet before more than half-a-dozen had been delivered a hundred or two had been sold. Nobody seemed to know how the buyers found the money, and the majority of the population scoffed at the idea of motor-transport just as they scoff at air-transport to-day.

LIGHT 'PLANES BY MASS PRODUCTION: The wonderful achievement of Miss Amy Johnson has drawn fresh attention to the Moth aeroplane. This picture shows a corner of the Gypsy engine store-room in the De Havilland works where the machines are kept ready for despatch to customers at home and abroad. Hundreds of Gypsy Moths are being turned out by mass production. The price has been reduced by £80, bringing the all-in cost to £595—the lowest price in the world for a standard two-seater biplane

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"GETTING A BIG BOY NOW": The young cub at Regent's Park is rapidly achieving lionhood. He is cutting his teeth, and finds the netting as comforting as a baby finds a coral!

THE EVENING ZOO

A Special Feature of the 1930 Season

The Zoological Gardens have come to a momentous decision. They will remain open to the public on Thursday evenings until 11 o'clock. This should prove a most popular feature, especially as the nocturnal animals will exhibit activity hitherto unseen by the general public

NIGHTCAP! A pet lion is given a drink of milk in the New York hotel at which he is staying with his owner

A BUFFET CRUSH IN MID-SEASON: A decoration by H. Fournier recalling many a "scrap" (in two senses of the word) luncheon at Lord's or Henley, Wimbledon or Goodwood

LONDON in JUNE

The Pageant of the Season Reviewed from many Points of View

by HELEN SIMPSON

(Author of "Cups, Wands, and Swords," "The Desolate House," and [with Clemence Dane] "Enter Sir John")

Any writer of sense having got these three words down on paper would stop, and leave the rest to the imagination of his readers. For we have, every one of us, a mental picture which the three words call up, and which is different for each one according to our age, our sex, and the money in our pockets.

To the child, London in June means tea on the grass of the Park and the Chelsea Pensioners—that one especially who is the birds' special friend, from whose lips they take sugar—in red coats instead of blue.

To the young thing, the debutante, London itself is a trifle obscured by all the demands it makes—shopping, and Courts, and more shopping, and dancing in new places each night to the same tunes.

To the Hyde Park orator it is the sweet of the year. His audiences are good-humoured with sun, and in no hurry; they never know, these summer listeners, what Gladstone said in 1876; they have no apparent wish to be saved; they merely listen, eating cherries, while he booms happily on about tariffs and the Apostle Paul.

To the policeman—but there are a thousand types, and a thousand points of view. Better, I think, to wander, as everyone, rich or poor, must do during the day in London streets, those encyclopædias of life, the Thousand and One Days' Entertainment for which no charge is made.

The woman, for instance, at my corner, with her basket of flowers. She has a beautiful basket in June, yellow iris, and sweet peas, and roses with the authentic morning dew, which she refreshes when nobody is looking from an aged tin flour dredger filled with water. A word to her concerning the charm of her basket brings forth the response:

"A treat, ain't it?" Then, confidentially, "Roses and all—makes a nice change from chysants. It's chrysants from September till March, till I get fair sick of the sight of 'em. Six solid months; its enough to turn the stummick."

This is what London in June means to one citizeness—a respite from the earthly smell of those hard-working but unlovable flowers, chrysanthemums.

What next? The shop-windows, naturally, with all their papier-maché ladies tricked out so enticingly in bathing costumes that never were on sea or land; or in lace dresses, quite regardless of June's rigors; or smiling from under the kind of lace hat that, if worn out of doors, would unerringly bring on rain. Shop-windows are a great part of London's joy, more especially those that change their display with the seasons, as jewellers, for example, can never do. One is not, even having the money, obliged to wear diamonds in spring and rubies in autumn in deference to public opinion and the weather. Jewellers' windows, like those of photographers, antique venders, and tobacconists, take no heed of the calendar, which is hard lines; for the draper or greengrocer can have endless fun with his seasonal chiffons and strawberries. Even the windows devoted to men's wear blossom—not like the rose exactly; no flower could ever parallel those blazers—but at any rate, blossom they do, and cast off their drabs and mouse-colours in favour of white.

And then, June food! Not everyone will admit this, since not everyone is greedy, but in my considered opinion June, for food, bears off the palm of the year. True, oysters are lacking; but this could easily be remedied by spelling the month Juner, on the analogy of September, an expedient not dishonourable, and which all gourmets would surely welcome. Apart from this, June offers all good things—asparagus, strawberries, sandwiches, spring chickens, and lettuces so close-curled that it seems, and is, a wicked things to tear them asunder. The best thing about all this food is that you do not need to be or to possess a cook in order to enjoy it; not like winter food, which must be cunningly wrought and seasoned before we can get it down. A June lunch can be ready in ten minutes without so much as a match put to the stove, and you can wander, enjoying London's pageants, without the perpetual sound of the gong in your ears.

Pageants—ah, here, too, June wins! There is the Colour to be Trooped, with all its glitter of swords; and a Levee or two, with soldiers seen only in glimpses, but all, as Pepys would say, mighty fine. The Tournament—for those who cannot have enough of soldiers. Weddings in dozens—the malevolent month being over—for romantics to stare at, with arches of swords, and very small bridesmaids in tears, and celebrities looking quite real close to. Then what about the Derby traffic coming home? With gentlemen in tall hats returning bereft and gloomy, and other gentlemen in donkey-carts, equally bereft, but less gloomy because providentially drunk.

Finally, if there should exist those whom these spectacles can bore, let me remind them that in London are views, without people, or with people subordinate; water views, most of them, and very lovely. There is the bridge in St. James's Park from which, looking towards Westminster, some very ordinary Government buildings take on a tumbled and inspired look in the evening light, like palaces of cloud. Then—the Serpentine, facing east, and averting the eyes from Mr. Lansbury's clock-tower.

But what use to go on? A Londoner, irrational creature that he is, needs no reasons for loving London. He may never have stirred half a mile from his own street in Brixton, or St. Pancras, or the Borough; but if you decry any one of London's aspects which, quite possibly, he has never seen, he will rightly despise you as one ignorant and having no palate for cities. For him, all that is not London is dross; listen to Charles Lamb:

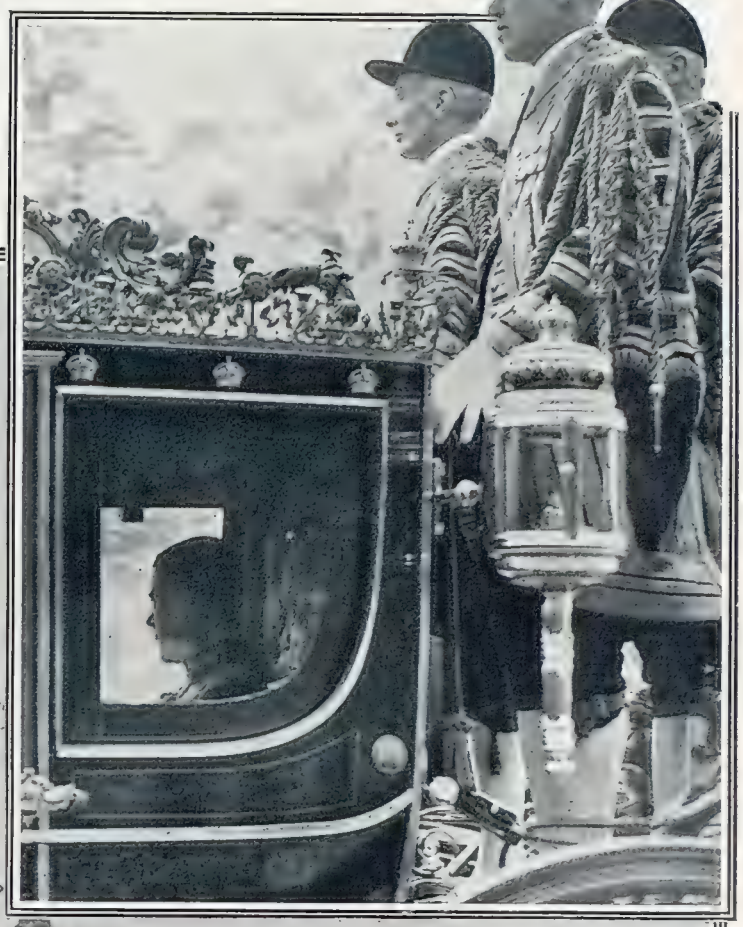
"For my own part I have no hesitation in declaring that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre gives me 10,000 sincerer pleasures than I could ever receive from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs."

A mob of happy faces crowding into the pit—or into the Parks—or into the throne-room—or into the cool shops.

London in June!

The COURTS of 1930

The Gathering of Youth and Charm in the Climax of the Season



THE LONG, LONG LINE: Cars in the Mall bearing debutantes to Buckingham Palace through a throng of admiring crowds. *Inset above* is the Prince of Wales, who held a levee in the stead of the King. His Majesty has suffered from a slight attack of rheumatism lately, from which he has now happily recovered, and the Prince represented him both at the trooping of the Colour and at two Courts, but at the first Courts of May debutantes made their curtsey to the King

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL: W. G. Grace, the immortal doctor, in his famous cap, in the centre of a group of 1880—painted by Miss Cummins

FOUR GENERATIONS Play CRICKET on the Walls of LORD'S

The New Frescoes by Women Artists round the Members' Dining-room at the Famous Cricket Ground

WHEN THE LARGER WICKET WAS UNKNOWN: Miss E. E. Smith's design of cricket in 1760—the earliest in treatment of the four new panels in the members' dining-room at Lord's. Not only are the wickets and costumes different from those of to-day but the bats are also alien to modern eyes. The eagerness of the slips, however, is quite up-to-date

IN REGENCY DAYS: The dashing ensign and the bucks and belles of 1800, rather than the actual game of cricket, form the subject of Miss C. E. Pym's fresco of which the above shows one group in detail. It derives, of course, from the modern Eton and Harrow match which, although it is probably the greatest nursery of amateur cricket, is rather a social function than a cricket match—save to the members of the schools

A FAVOURITE HOME OF CRICKET: Lord's, the great M.C.C. ground at St. John's Wood, where the second test match will be played on June 27. Above is A MATCH OF 1840, by Miss D. W. Dring

The members' dining-room at Lord's has recently been decorated by frescoes by four women artists — Misses Cummins, E. E. Smith, C. E. Pym, and D. W. Dring—representing England's great game in 1760, 1800, 1840, and 1880. They are all pupils of Professor Tonks at the Slade School of Fine Arts, University College, Gower Street

HOW we SWEPT the GRASS at ASCOT in the DAYS of LONG AGO and very LONG SKIRTS

A "Sphere" Reminiscence of the Glories of Pre-war Days

THE YEAR BEFORE THE WAR: The picture is dated not only by the long skirts of the women and their trailing leather boas, but by the "boaters" and pamamas which to-day are tabu to the well-dressed man save to a few diehards

Drawn by F. MATANIA for "The Sphere"

IN THE DAYS OF EDWARD VII: Ascot of 1906. The crowd watches the King drive down the course in 1906

IN THE DAYS OF THE DEAR QUEEN: A fashion plate showing a costume for Cowes of 1898 when waists were thin and skirts were full

A MODE OF 1904: A fashion plate of the Edwardian era when elaboration was at its height

PRE-WAR: Two glasses of fashion and moulds of form at Ascot in 1913. Above on right is a fashion of 1911

Drawn by F. MATANIA

"NEVER WAS ASCOT SO BRILLIANT": "The Sphere's" special artist records the royal race meeting of 1912, selecting a few typical groups which he encountered on the verdant turf of Ascot. Looped-up overskirts were a feature of the dresses

BOOKS of the 1930 SEASON

Two Volumes Describing the Conquest of England, a Work by Norman Douglas, and some Novels Reviewed by

CECIL ROBERTS

Some two years ago in Chicago, when I was entertained by the English-speaking Union as the latest importation of the much-lectured American nation, I found myself sitting opposite a man whose mien of despair made me mistake him, at first, for Mr. George Moore. Like the high priest of the Limited Editionists, he had a bright eye in strong contradiction to a slack, shapeless body. A few moments later I learned to my discomfort that he was Ford Madox Hueffer; with discomfort because I was the official star-turn of that dinner and stood, equipped with nothing but the insolence of youth, in the presence of the callous eye of that elderly Olympian. For although F. M. Hueffer had never quite brought it off in the book-of-the-month sense, he had written poems that should not be forgotten and novels that should not be overlooked. And Conrad had been glad to sit at his feet.

A BIOGRAPHER OF BYRON: Herr Kasimir Edschmid, whose novel biography, "Lord Byron," is written in very modern style—more modern even than that of Maurois

All this as a preamble to another member of this family, Oliver Madox Hueffer, who, in *Some of the English* (Benn. 10s. 6d.), has brought it off with a brilliant excursion in the lives of the humble. After ten years' absence Mr. Hueffer comes back to England, and with a fresh eye and unceasing humour goes to live in a London district which he calls Romwell and which I surmise is Brixton, there to observe what we, living in the midst of it, have but dimly comprehended, namely, the Revolution, bloodless but inexorable.

Mr. Hueffer took cheap lodgings where several families were herded in a decayed mansion. He drank ale in pubs, sat in grocers' back-parlours, went out with Mrs. Thwaites of the string-bag and the protuberant bottle, watched Lettuce trying on her Celanese trousseau, and heard Pastor Blackwell in a gospel-tent hotting up his old-fashioned hell to the delight of nonagenarian Mr. Hobman who had no use for everlasting mercy and cinemas open on Sunday. So, in the parlour of the Grey Mare and in the radio-infested lodgings of Romwell we see some of the English at home. And such is the fair-minded, kindly genius of Mr. Hueffer, one rises from this absorbing book proud of being English because of the shabby splendour and the heroic pretence of these lives of one's fellow-countrymen. In his penetrating observation they are more than heroic, they are unfailingly human, with a patriotism and a caste-sense that are deep-rooted beyond the surface ignorance that makes the crowd contemptible. I have read no novel that moves me as this book moves me with its plain tale of plain people. Not once in its 300 pages does the drama flag. When I wish to reveal England to the foreigner I shall take him to Westminster Bridge, where he shall see the Houses and the houses, those of rulers and ruled, on either hand—and then make him read *Some of the English*, which explains the soul of both.

And by happy coincidence there arrives the counterpart of Mr. Hueffer's work in Miss V. Sackville West's novel, *The Edwardians* (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.). I will venture a prophecy and say that this will prove the novel of the year; more, it will stand as the best history of the Edwardian era. *Some of the English* interprets the revolution in our time, *The Edwardians* explains the necessity of it. I wonder if Miss West, for all her cleverness, knows what she has really done? With some three hundred pages of fiction she has achieved more than all the proclamations of Lenin. She has knocked the bottom out of Society, with a merciless scalpel dissected its decadent body and exposed its ignorance, arrogance, extravagance, and utter inanity. Her method is the more deadly because she employs the virtues of caste and courage in her task, she brings to it a unique inherited opportunity of observation, a privileged intimacy. I marvel at her frankness. "No character in this book is wholly fictitious" she unnecessarily warns us. This is Knole, the Knole of King Edward and his circle, of forty maids and ten-course dinners, of hard ladies and easy morals, of the grand manner and the mean mind.

The story is simple, the balance is perfect. Miss West exhibits an impartiality that delivers inexorable justice. The great house of Chevron is ruled by the widowed Duchess and inhabited by her handsome son, Sebastian, the Duke, and the quiet daughter, Viola—children who feel themselves imprisoned by a monstrous if beautiful tradition. The rest is the story of frustrated amours, of Lady Roehampton, who could keep the King in good humour, of house parties in the tense ritual of eating and gossiping, of Sebastian trying all grades of love, and finally smashing his way to freedom in that valet's dream of apotheosis—the ducal state-coach bearing him away from the Coronation.

There is magnificent writing in this book; as a portrait of Society it must stand unrivalled in English literature, for its truth, its sweep, its Olympian detachment. It is a damning indictment of cultured parasites eating out their futile lives on a magnificent tapestry. Not even the sublimity of Chevron moves one to seek their reprieve.

There are blemishes that a little tuition might eradicate. Miss West's dialogue lapses at times into artificiality. Auquetil's speech (p. 66) is an example of false dialogue. There are forbidding slabs of unbroken prose (pp. 70, 103, 202, etc.). Half-an-hour at a sub-editor's table would teach Miss West the necessity of paragraphing; only her firm narrative grip holds the reader from skipping. But these are mere blemishes. There is often the music of fine prose, of deeply analytical power of the felicitous phrase, "she descended like a bird of paradise on a gathering of hens," and always delicious humour.

In Norman Douglas is an author with a personal following that shows little discrimination in its applause. Perhaps this encourages him to disappoint us so frequently. Since *South Wind* he has written nothing worthy of the rank won by that work, and yet—and yet—is, one asks, Mr. Douglas one of those men whose writing is really an aside? He is a man with a grievance against this planet, Europe in general, and England in particular. I recall nights spent in his cheery company in a café in Florence. Always he was the rather angry liver, but a liver nevertheless. Few men can growl at civilizations as well as he. I felt it was all wrong-headed, and what is more, I am sure he knew it was wrong-headed and enjoyed the fact. Having read *Mother India* he turns round and says, "Yes—but how about Europe?" So in *How About Europe?* (Chatto and Windus. 7d. 6d. net), he starts his iconoclastic tour. His dislike of law, respectability, and Christianity extends down to passports and dog-kennels. It is all riotous fun such as goes with six whiskies-and-sodas towards midnight; but it leads nowhere except to a slight headache. Mr. Douglas pretends to prefer Indian beggars to our dole-supported unemployed, he would have us believe that Turkish bureaucracy is preferable to English. Missionary stations in India are decried because they "show you an up-to-date operating-room, but forget to offer you a whisky-and-soda for luncheon." There are, inevitably, amidst all this extravagance, the characteristic shafts of his wit, "neurasthenia turns a man into the wrong kind of woman," "man-hunting by newspaper is the lowest level to which humanity has yet sunk."

It is all very entertaining, it is the pure Norman Douglas encountered towards midnight, it is spirited tilting against officialdom and humbug—but, it is not literature, and I expect from Mr. Douglas what I know he is capable of.

There is a shortage of characters suitable for biography-making. Why otherwise are we treated to these enormous volumes on forgotten figures? Miss Sitwell stirs the dust of Pope, Lord David Cecil twitches the dry bones of Cowper, now Mr. Edmund Blunden produces *Leigh Hunt* (Cobden Sanderson. 21s.). Not one of these characters holds any real interest for the present generation, Leigh Hunt, least of all. A second-rate man of letters, he was doomed from the first to mediocrity in his life as in his work. A man of charm, great industry, he has no first-class scandal, such as Byron or Shelley to keep the muck-rakers busy among the facts of his life, which are dull, deadly—respectably dull. With such poor matter Mr. Blunden has done his best. As a biography it is a highly commendable work that restores honesty to an art now travestied by Stracheyan caricature. It reveals immense industry, is meticulously documentated—virtues worthy of a better subject than this dowdy sponger.

KING EDWARD AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908: The frontispiece to "King Edward VII and his Court," by Sir Lionel Cust, K.C.V.O. (John Murray. 12s. net)

I have enjoyed every line of Mr. J. Keith Winter's first novel, *Other Man's Saucer* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). It is a spirited study of adolescence with a quite remarkable sense of dramatic construction. Young Shaw lives, a detestable egotist who slowly creeps into one's affections. The charm of youth is here.

My solid fare this week consists of *The Making of an Editor* (Macmillan), a memoir of a charming scholar, W. L. Courtney, who made the *Fortnightly* a power, and *Froissart* (Routledge. 10s. 6d.), by F. S. Shears, a most readable biography of the fourteenth-century chronicler. I tried *Woodfill of the Regulars* (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), by Lowell Thomas, on a Sandhurst cadet, since it is the story of the man Pershing called "America's greatest soldier, to receive the verdict," a jolly good book just like a film. *The Painted Minx* (Appleton. 7s. 6d.), by Robert Chambers, drew me to its pages to see if the author had retained his skill in this story of a light lady with Washington's army—to find he had. And I have not read *Great Short Stories of Detection* (Gollancz. 5s.), but I have marvelled at this miracle of 1,232 pages of beautiful printing and excellent editing which provides a month's thrill for the price of a cinema seat.

briefly commended

Abbeys of Old Romance, by *Charles G. Harper.* **(Palmer. 15s. net.)**—A charming volume, charmingly illustrated by the author, dealing in general and in particular with the relics of the Roman civilization in Britain. Glastonbury, St. Albans, Byland, Crowland, Thornton, Lindisfarne, Battle, Waverley, Beaulieu, Tintern, Melrose, and Iona are only a few of those mentioned, historically and descriptively.

Sardinia—the Island of the *Nuraghi*, by *Douglas Goldring.* **(Harrap. 15s. net.)**—A virile volume dealing with an island sadly neglected to the benefit of Corsica, its neighbour. Mr. Goldring has thoroughly explored the recesses of Sardinia, paying particular attention to the strange megalithic monuments, the *nuraghi*, and the peasant costumes. Hunting, fishing, and hotels come in for a fair share of attention.

Law Breakers, by *Charles Kingston.* **(The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d. net.)**—A book divided into four parts: Criminals with dual personality; miscarriages of justice; unique crimes; strange stories. Wainwright, Leany, Smethurst, Seddon, Lefroy are a few of the cases sketched with lucidity and imagination.

The Royal Navy—the Sure Shield of the Empire—by *Geoffrey Parratt.* **(Sheldon. 7s. 6d. net.)**—Vice-Admiral J. E. T. Harper has contributed a foreword to a volume to be read by the public in general and students of naval matters in particular. Lessons are drawn from history, and the developments of modern ships are clearly sketched. Tactics are explained, and a word or two are ably said on Jutland to the support of Earl Jellicoe, to whom the book is dedicated.

Women Bluebeards, by *Elliott O'Donnell.* **(Stanley Paul. 18s. net.)**—Toffana, the Sicilian poisoner; Hieronyma of Anti-Husband League fame in Sparta; Gesina Gottfried; Mrs. Cunningham; Lydia Sheriman; Countess Bonmartini; and Syerkas Kalki are only a few of the astounding women whose history is told in a volume replete with thrills.

The Red Lacquer Room is an elaborate development of the original Austin Reed Tropical Department. Its artistic magnificence is the result of an effort to produce a shop for travellers worthy of its national and international situation. The decorative scheme, which captures so much of the charm of an Eastern setting, is an expression of a long-established Austin Reed principle, namely, to give men every opportunity to buy clothes that are precisely correct in appropriate and pleasant surroundings.

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Drawn by F. S. May

THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF THE SEASON: The Court is not only the rising of the curtain but also the climax of the debutante's drama. With fan or bouquet, glittering tiara on shining hair, the debutantes advance proudly to their triumph

The Day and Days of the DEBUTANTE

The Possibilities of Pleasure and Pitfall Before Miss 1930

By MADGE GARLAND

I wonder how many debutantes realize how exciting it is to come out, not that I think debutantes as blasé and sophisticated as some of our elders would have us believe them, but because they are so busy coming out they have no time to realize all the possibilities of their position, let alone the manifold possibilities latent in themselves.

So for one busy "season" they rush hither and thither, trying on dresses, eating the wrong kinds of food, going to innumerable dances, seeing a great number of plays, good, bad, and indifferent, and probably unaware of the interesting and amusing people who will eventually prove the guiding influences of their life.

In the meantime there is Ascot, which, after innumerable fittings and difficult matchings of shoes, chiffons, and gloves, agonized decisions about the size and shape of one's hat, means to the average woman what a first-night does to a leading lady.

And this year the bets on the probable length of the skirts appear to be as numerous as the bets on the favourite. Are they to reach the ground, or shall we cling to the remnants of that freedom we have enjoyed for the last nine years? Shall we see the reverse of 1921, when the smartest and most up-to-date women wore the shortest skirts, and find the younger set in gowns trailing to the floor while their more conservative elders immodestly continue to reveal their ankles and a portion of their legs?

Surely never before were debutantes placed in the predicament in which they find themselves to-day. Not only are they expected to look young and girlish (an almost complete impossibility when one is young), but they are required to achieve this feat attired in long skirts and with coiled hair, and this while their more conservative mother has possibly retained the short hair and trimly-youthful silhouette of two years ago.

Their only chance of outwitting such odds is to discard the boyish self-reliance they have acquired during their strenuous eighteen years of preparation, and to appear before the astonished world as a *Jeune Fille*—a *rara avis* which has not been seen in our midst these several years—and to wear those childish and adorable frocks of billowing organdie which are now so fashionable, whether because of our Empire Cotton Week or because they were one of the outstanding features of Chanel's spring collection is not for me to say. In any case many debutantes have worn them successfully to dances, where their fragile beauty can be relied on to retain its crispness provided the wearer does not sit out too much. But since modern ball-rooms are rarely provided with the conservatories which once presented such pitfalls to our mothers' tarlatans, it is possible that our new muslins will survive extremely well.

Drawn by Angrave

THE LEIT MOTIF OF THE DEBUTANTE'S SEASON: The telephone, insistent, inexorable, relentless, and resistless

In spite of the ingenuousness of some of their clothes, most debutantes spend many difficult moments trying to look as young as their mothers—an effort in which the majority fail lamentably. And so, not quite sure of their coiffure or their conversation, they are whisked to the races, to a searchlight tattoo, to the breathless joys of the Horse Show, to a Japanese play, or to a thriller by their favourite author.

And all the time, giving a sense of continuity to the separate and varied scenes of our pleasures and playing the rôle of chorus in all our lives, is the telephone. It rings, and rings, and rings; it is the accompaniment of our baths, our fittings, and our meals; it bids us come to Wimbledon to see the finals, or suggests cricket at Lord's or the Dog Show at Richmond. It offers a dinner at Bray or a luncheon at Hanworth Park; a brief respite in the shape of a week-end in the country or an invitation to a party which will, we know, keep us out and about until daybreak; and when we return wearily home to sleep it breaks in on our slumbers, asking, suggesting—untiring, unceasing, and inevitable.

Drawn by Angrave

"AT PLAY, BALL, ROUT AND REVEL": Miss 1930, with her cavalier, arrives for a play, good, bad, or indifferent, an opera, or an Edgar Wallace, with equal outward blasé sophistication and equal internal thrill

LONDON in MID-JUNE

A Morning Stroll at Stanhope Gate

Drawn for "The Sphere" by
HOOKWAY COWLES

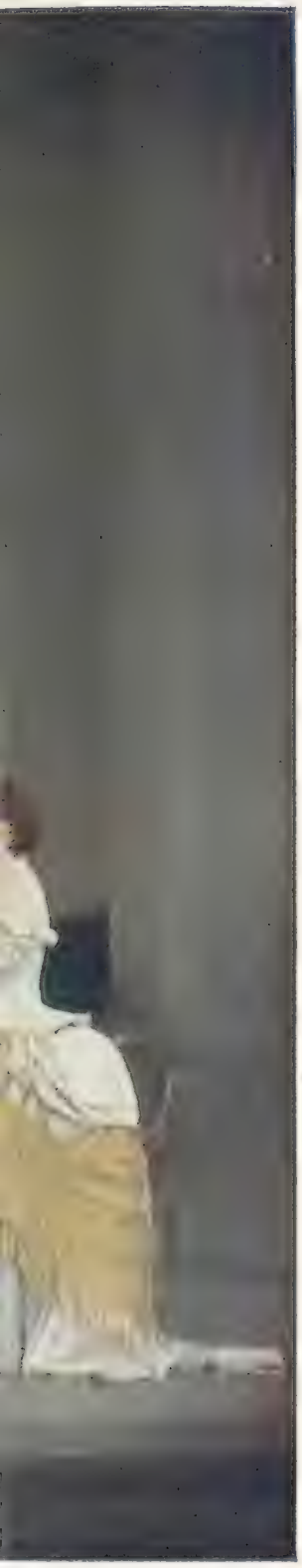
June 14: Had a marvellous day when Uncle Algy drove up from Rutland to take me out. He said "Show me the sights and I'll pay." I did — and so did he, poor lamb. Showed him a "mousseline de soie" in the new Patou pink — a sight for the gods. Also a gorgeous dog. He bought them both. The dog, which I christened Boodle, worried a button off his coat, so he had to button it the wrong way round. He was very worried, but I told him no one would look at his button when I was there! We strolled through the Park and met Margot with her latest in his marvellous Rolls. Then we lunched at a heavenly restaurant in Soho Square and had an ice in a crêpe covered with nuts and chocolate. Then we rolled down to Ranelagh and had tea. Lady Heronsgate gave one of her ghastly dances and I had to roll up and stay to supper. Then, thank Heaven, I collected the uncle and my own spare part, Jerry, and went on to the Bat. Danced a little, drank a little, and talked a lot. Uncle really is a gem. He's coming up on the 5th and the 12th and is taking me to Finals Day and Lord's. If only he takes me to Cowes!

(From the diary of Miss 1930.)

The girls indulge in some games after the ball in 1875. Sarah, Gloria, Harriet, Victoria, Effie, Jane, and Honor play at Blindman's Buff after the stately dance is over. "Eeny, meeny, miny, mo," sing the girls, and at last the heroine, Sarah, is blindfolded. She is standing second from the left.

Sir Arthur Fenchurch, with his claret-stained shirt-front, frigidly says good-bye to his hostess, Lady Devon, in the centre, who is saying "But, Sir Arthur, you mustn't think of going"

THE SCENE IN SCHLICK'S C



THE SOCIAL WHIRL of the 'SEVENTIES

Reflected on the Stage of 1930

A First Record of "Bitter Sweet" at His Majesty's Theatre by an Instantaneous Colour Process

Sarah and Carl at the moment of growing love. Act I. Scene II

Carl: *All my life I shall remember*
knowing you.
All the pleasures I have found in
showing you
The different ways
That one may please,
The changing light, and changing
shade;
Happiness that must die,
Melodies that must fly,
Memories that must fade.
Dusty and forgotten by and by.
I'll see you again
Whenever Spring breaks through
again;
Time may lie heavy between,
But what has been
Is past forgetting.

'S CAFÉ IN VIENNA: Lieutenant Tranisch crushes Sari, now Carl Linden's wife, in his arms and kisses her. Carl himself leaps from the orchestra and pushes back the Lieutenant. A duel follows and Carl falls, mortally wounded, to the ground

A CALENDAR

A Pictorial Treatment

THE CLIMAX OF THE SEASON OR—AWAITING THE DEBUTANTES: A typical moment on a "drawing-room" night

June 14.—Polo: Roehampton Junior Championship Final.
Ranelagh Open Cup Final.

" **17.**—Ascot: Ascot Stakes.
Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo.

" **18.**—Ascot: Royal Hunt Cup.

June 19.—Ascot: Gold Cup.
International Horse Show opens, Olympia.

" **20.**—Ascot: Wokingham Stakes.

" **23.**—Lawn Tennis: All-England Tournament opens, Wimbledon.
Polo: Champion Cup, Hurlingham.

June 25.—Curragh Meeting: Irish Derby.

" **27.**—Cricket: England *v.* Australia, Lord's.

" **28.**—Royal Air Force Display, Hendon.
Polo: Champion Cup Final, Hurlingham.

July 1.—Newmarket. First July Meeting.

" **2.**—Aldershot Command Horse and Hound Show.
Harrow School Speech Day.
Henley Royal Regatta opens.

" **4.**—Amateur Athletic Association Championships begin, Stamford Bridge.

" **5.**—Lawn Tennis: All-England Tournament Finals, Wimbledon.
The King's Cup Air Race.

" **7.**—Cricket: Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Lord's.

" **8.**—Richmond Dog Show.

" **9.**—Polo: International Trial Match and British Empire Garden Party, Roehampton.
Cricket: Oxford *v.* Cambridge, Lord's.
Gentlemen *v.* Players, Oval.

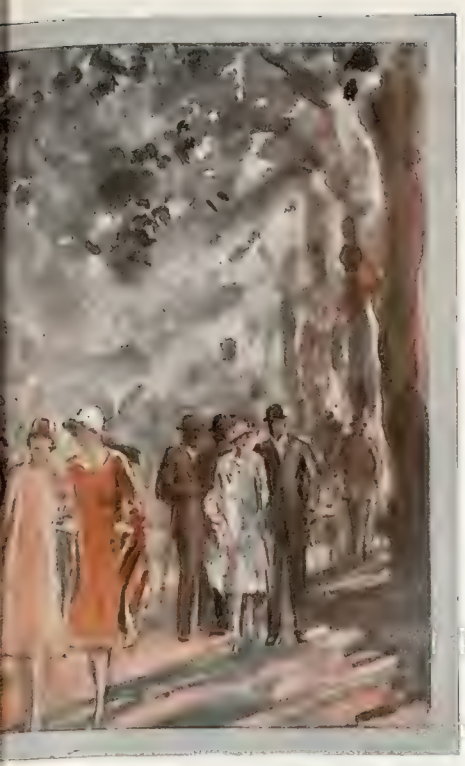
" **11.**—Racing: Lingfield Park and Chepstow Meetings.
Cricket: Eton *v.* Harrow, Lord's. Gentlemen *v.* Players, Oval. England *v.* Australia, Leeds.

Drawn by Angrave

A BREATH OF AIR: The great balls of the London season invariably offer such a "vignette" as this to the eye of the passer-by. The momentary respite, the puff of a cigarette, the whispered word, and the glance of an eye—they are the making of a party

OF THE LONDON SEASON

of a few of the charms of a metropolitan June



Drawn by Rowden

THE INEVITABLE CHARM OF THE ROW: The horses in Hyde Park are always a joy; the riders sometimes a pleasure, sometimes an amusement to watch

PRELUDE TO THE EXODUS: The crowd, regulated by police, waits in the Mall to catch a glimpse of the fortunate few who have curtseyed to the King and Queen

Drawn by Rowden

THE BEGINNING OF AN EVENING'S PLEASURE: After a cocktail party comes the theatre for "dinner is too-too sick-making" unless one cuts the first act of the show. But when the fashionable audience leaves the theatre the round of balls and supper-clubs begins

THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: One of the most impressive and imposing of pageants, whose colour and (almost) choreography are a delight to every eye

July 12.—Cricket: Eton *v.* Harrow, Lord's. England *v.* Australia, Leeds.

" **15.**—Newmarket: Second July Meeting.

" **18.**—Sandown Park Meeting, Eclipse Stakes.

" **21.**—Polo: Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup, Roehampton.

" **22.**—Racing: Curragh Meeting.

" **23.**—Racing: Curragh Meeting, Irish Oaks. Liverpool Meeting, Mersey Stakes.

" **25.**—Racing: Liverpool Cup.

Cricket: England *v.* Australia, Manchester.

" **26.**—Cricket: England *v.* Australia, Manchester.

" **28.**—Polo: Cowdray Park Tournament begins. Cricket: England *v.* Australia, Manchester.

" **29.**—Racing: Goodwood Meeting, Stewards' Cup.

" **30.**—Racing: Goodwood Meeting, Goodwood Stakes.

" **31.**—Racing: Goodwood Meeting, Goodwood Cup.

August 1.—Racing: Goodwood Meeting, Chesterfield Cup.

" **2.**—Canterbury Week opens.

August 5.—Cowes Regatta opens.

" **12.**—Grouse Shooting begins.

" **16.**—Cricket: England *v.* Australia begins, Oval.

Drawn by Angrave

A SPOT OF LUNCH: Whether at Berkeley, Carlton, or Savoy, or the *intime* restaurants—Boulestin, Quaglioni, Bellometti—it is certain that 1.30 will see the production of salmon, duck, green peas, and strawberries

The Capstan
"Flat-Fifty"
2/6

WILLS'S

CAPSTAN

are Capital

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.295B.

Mrs. John Gordon, *by* **Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.** *An opulent portrait. The white muslin dress is open at the neck and is embellished with white lace frills. The cloak is in pearl-grey*

Mrs. Francis Twiss, *by* **Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.** *The sister of the great actress, Mrs. Sidaons, whom Lawrence also painted. The black muslin dress is ornamented with a white fichu and a red rose*

Miss Margaret Inglis, *by* **Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.** *A lady subsequently Mrs. Alves of Edinburgh. The brown dress is relieved with a white lace collar and a silver buckle at the waist*

A Remarkable Coming Sale of the 1930 Season.

Sir John Anstruther, *by* **Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.**

Lady Anstruther, *by* **Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.** *Janet Fall, wife of the second baronet, who was mentioned as a beauty in Carlyle's "Autobiography." She died in 1802. Her hair is dressed with pearls. The dress is pink. The portrait of Sir John Anstruther on left shows him dressed in blue and grey relieved in silver and white*

At the coming sale at Christie's to be held on June 20, many notable old Masters, five of which are reproduced above, will be put up for auction. They are the property of the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Cavan, Major-General J. E. B. Seely, Sir Windham Carmichael-Anstruther, Sir Thomas Trowbridge, Sir Offley Wakeman, and others

CHINA'S MASCULINE LEADING LADY: Mei Lan-fang, who for the past thirty years (since he was seven) has been a master of the conventionalized song and dance of his land. He is reported to make £140,000 a year. He plays only feminine rôles but is not a female impersonator. He creates types of ideality, not of reality

MEI LAN-FANG: Two aspects of the Quintessence of the Formalism of Celestial Thespian art. In grace of movement this actor has been compared to Pavlova. Off the stage he is an ardent amateur boxer

IN THE GORGEOUSNESS OF CATHAY: Mei Lan-fang (second from the left), with members of his supporting company, in one of the plays he presents, many of which he wrote himself

CHINA'S *Male* LEADING LADY

Four studies of Mei Lan-fang, the brilliant Chinese actor, who plays only feminine rôles, in some of the 400 pieces (some of which he wrote himself) in his repertoire. He is coming to London this autumn fresh from his triumphal New York season

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

MADAME FOCH STAYS at the FORUM CLUB

One of the most Famous of London's Clubs Offers Hospitality to the Widow of a Great Soldier

When it was known that Madame Foch was to come to England on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Marshal Foch by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales an invitation was sent to Madame Foch from the Forum Club suggesting that she and her two daughters should be the guests of one of the most famous of British women's clubs. The invitation was accepted, but as Madame Foch is still in deep mourning the visit was necessarily a quiet one, but an opportunity was afforded for her to meet members of the various committees.

The Forum is a particularly interesting club, as it covers such a vast field of women's activities.

The social aspect of the club receives full consideration, dinner parties and dances are frequently arranged, and on June 21 many of the members are going to the Aldershot Tattoo. Christmas and the New Year are times of special festivity.

Billiards, a game rapidly gaining in favour amongst women, is popular at the Forum Club, and events are frequently arranged.

MME FOCH ARRIVES AT THE FORUM CLUB: The widow of the great soldier comes to Grosvenor Place

The club billiards-room, like the bridge-room, another very popular resort for members and their friends, is open to all club members, and it is not necessary to join a section or group to have the *entrée* to these rooms.

On the intellectual side the club has many branches, the latest of these being an aviation group, of which the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., is president.

Other branches are the art group and the camera club, whose members often go for delightful rambles in the lovely country round London. A very high standard of work is set up by these inter-clubs. Other groups that attract many members is the language group, which includes among them French, Spanish, Italian, and Welsh, whilst the garden enthusiasts and animal-lovers are not neglected.

THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE FORUM CLUB: The charming apartment in the club where Mme Foch is staying

The Forum has a number of affiliated clubs both in the Dominions and in France, Sweden, and America.

The wives of Dominion Governors are automatically made members. So that when on a visit to England they can straightaway use the amenities of the club with all its varied branches of interest.

The club, which occupies a corner site in Grosvenor Place, comprises two houses overlooking Buckingham Palace Gardens. There is a large reception-room, illustrated on this page, where all social functions take place. The dining-room—beautifully panelled in dark oak—is divided into two rooms, so that one can easily be shut off for inter-club dinners. The library is growing rapidly, and there is a wide selection of fiction, reference books, and biographies given by the members themselves.

Marjorie Day

ADAPTING MODERN ROOMS to PERIOD Styles

Nowadays we hear a great deal about ways in which we can modernize our old-fashioned rooms, and very little is said about the ways in which we can adapt modern rooms to suit period styles. And yet this is just as important a point. The average modern house or flat presents quite a few problems to anyone who wishes to decorate her rooms in a period style, and naturally many people who possess lovely old pieces of antique furniture will want to create a correct period setting for them.

CONCEALING A RADIATOR: A Baroque cupboard for china and glass

First of all, modern heating and lighting arrangements undoubtedly look out of place in a room furnished and decorated in the Chippendale or Queen Anne style, for nothing can disguise the blatant modernism of a radiator or the average electrical fitting if they are left as they are!

However, especial attention has been paid recently to the problem of how to hide or disguise radiators so that they will harmonize with period rooms, and several Continental architects have been particularly ingenious in their solutions of this problem. One of these architects, Paul Zucker, when decorating and furnishing a modern apartment in the German Baroque style—a style which is very elegant and attractive and should be better known in England—has disguised his radiators by concealing them in small recesses in the walls and building china cupboards around them in the Baroque style, the base of the cupboards being made to look like drawers but the woodwork being left open so that the heat from the radiators can penetrate into the room.

BUILT-IN RADIATOR CUPBOARDS: An attractive German baroque room designed by Herr Paul Zucker

This treatment of the radiators could easily be carried out in the same in an English period by covering the radiators with a false Queen Anne or Chippendale front and building a china or glass cupboard slightly into the wall above it, or it could be a bookcase if you wish.

Lighting a period room is not so difficult, for one can obtain electric fittings to suit any period style, and should you desire the illusion of candles, you can now buy electric candles that are so so well made—they are made of real wax with a small electric bulb in the centre—that it is hard to tell whether they are real candles or not.

Lastly, if your walls are plastered and you cannot afford to have them panelled, you will find that they will provide an excellent and effective background for your antiques if they are merely washed down with several coats of paint or distemper. In fact your furniture will probably look far more attractive against a plain background than it would against elaborate panelling.

Derek Patmore

BROADCASTING HEAT: Behind the open woodwork screen is set a radiator concealed behind a cupboard

The WORLD of WOMEN——(continued)

The Arundel is a charming design adapted from an old sampler of Victorian days — or earlier — and reproduced by the famous firm of Hamptons of Pall Mall

This design, adapted from an old sampler, depicts Sir Francis Drake playing his last game of bowls before the Armada. It is executed in various shades by Hamptons of Pall Mall

Concerning FABRICS

—A British Manufacturing Achievement

By VIOLET KING

At the moment there is a revival of the fabrics of long ago, and British manufacturers have very successfully recaptured the old-world atmosphere and imparted to their materials that mellow look usually associated with the passing of time. So cleverly has the real "old" look been reproduced that it is with great difficulty one can distinguish the antique from the modern fabric.

Fabrics are now designed in sympathy with old English, Italian, Spanish, French, and Oriental furniture. The history of textiles is an interesting one; all fabrics wrought in the loom are called textiles, but owing to their perishable nature few remains of ancient textiles are in existence.

The oldest examples are found in the tombs of Egypt, where owing to the dryness of the climate some fabrics of the early dynasties still remain—of "fine linen and without enrichment, yet upon some are painted patterns which show a woven origin." (This is speaking of the sixth century A.D.)

It was in Persia, India, and Arabia that textiles reached their perfection of workmanship, and the traditional Eastern origin may be traced through many textile designs. The art of calico printing has been "known in the Far East for over 2,000 years, but only passed into Europe some 300 years ago."

British dies and colour-printing nowadays have reached a very high standard, enabling us to have a wide choice of lovely fabrics in wools, silks, cottons, artificial silks, damasks, cretonnes, chintz, linens, tapestries, tissues, and others too numerous to mention. Many are remarkable for their "antique" finish, others quite in keeping with modernist furniture.

The tapestries, we are told, are neither real weaving nor true embroidery, but in a manner a tapestry unites the working of those two processes into one. At one time monks became the best workers of tapestries.

English tapestries, new, though old in feeling, are a delight to those who wish to possess reproductions of the seventeenth-century needlework pictures in their own homes. The uses for these tapestries are many, from wall-hangings to chair-covers and backs and screens. There is also a modern tendency to use large pieces of this beautiful material to form whole panels on the wall.

Brocatelle, too, with its Gothic lines and conception, is very beautiful, and the motifs are entirely in keeping with Elizabethan furniture. This can be obtained in lovely shades of green and silver. And an old-rose shade of brocatelle is used largely with Italian antiques. Many of these fabrics were reproduced and adapted to silk decoration during the Italian Renaissance. This old-rose design represents one of the best specimens of the classical period.

In the middle period pastoral scenes were much admired, and to-day there is a return to this old-world style which makes a restful and interesting change from any other design. There are also some clever reproduction fabrics of Jacobean pattern in very good quality cotton, and on a dark tussore ground which, being all British, and in perfect order with genuine Jacobean furniture, is having a vogue all its own.

Amongst the latest English reproductions one sees printed linens of exclusive designs, adapted from old samplers.

For country houses and cottages there are also contemporary fabrics in tapestry effects in linen, and some in various colours in the stitch-work design. Chintz, glazed and unglazed, is very popular with the owners of four-posters, and for curtains and loose covers in the country cottage, and there is something unusually refreshing about a quaint chintz.

The Welbeck linen, from Liberty's of Regent Street, is a modern reproduction of an antique design. It is carried out in various colourings in tapestry effect on natural, maize, and green grounds

The Stowe linen comes from a house long famous for its "art" materials, Liberty's of Regent Street. The design is in stitchwork on natural fawn, maize, and green grounds. alt is 30 in. wide

An old rose Brocatelle, characteristic of decoration work and design from 1200–1500. It is reproduced by Waring and Gillow's of Oxford Street

Toile de Jouy, a favourite pastoral subject first created by the famous Phillip Oberkamf and his father. This example comes from Waring and Gillow's of Oxford Street

The WORLD of WOMEN——(continued)

An eighteenth-century pine-panelled room displaying furniture of the period. From Gill and Reigate of Oxford Street

In these days when glass panels and steel tubes form the furniture and decoration of the moment, it seems strange that there is still a demand for the more gracious, if less spectacular, charm of the decor that went with powder and patch. Yet so strong an appeal does it make that those in a position to know dare claim old panelling will outlast all the freaks of modern fashion. Three gorgeous examples of such decoration are shown on this page

This fine old Hepplewhite mahogany serpentine commode comes from M. Harris and Sons of New Oxford Street

On the left is one of a set of six Chippendale chairs, and on the right one of a set of six mahogany Queen Anne chairs. Both are from Waring and Gillow's of Oxford Street

THE PERSISTENT CHARM of the Eighteenth - Century PANELLED ROOM

Peter North

FOR THE RACES: A sleeveless frock of printed chiffon is worn with a three-quarter length coat. The beige silk parasol has a coloured border which repeats the various shades in the frock and the bag and hat are of light beige. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly

When the Season is at its Height

JEWELS OF MODERNITY: A ring with a large rectangular stone in the centre, the shoulders being set with wide bagnette diamonds and a wide modern bracelet in platinum set with diamonds and bagnette diam onds. Both pieces are by Mauboussin of Old Bond Street

CLOTHES and JEWELS

The Two Idols before which All Women of Every Age Bow the Knee

A NECKLACE OF DISTINCTION: A flexible diamond choker made of half-spheres studded with bagnettes and round diamonds, the motif between each sphere being entirely in bagnettes—by Mauboussin of Old Bond Street

Peter North

IN COFFEE-COLOURED LACE: The coat of this ensemble has a fashionable cape; the hat is of crinoline straw and is trimmed on the under-brim with a wreath of flowers. Woollands, Knightsbridge

The WORLD of WOMEN Section—(cont.)

WHERE SPORTSMEN GATHER

you will find keen judgment of quality and merit in all the enjoyable things of life, good spirits being accompanied by good form—and when you have good spirits it is the best of good form to add

"Schweppe"

THE ORIGINAL

SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, *Etc.*

ART NOTES of the WEEK

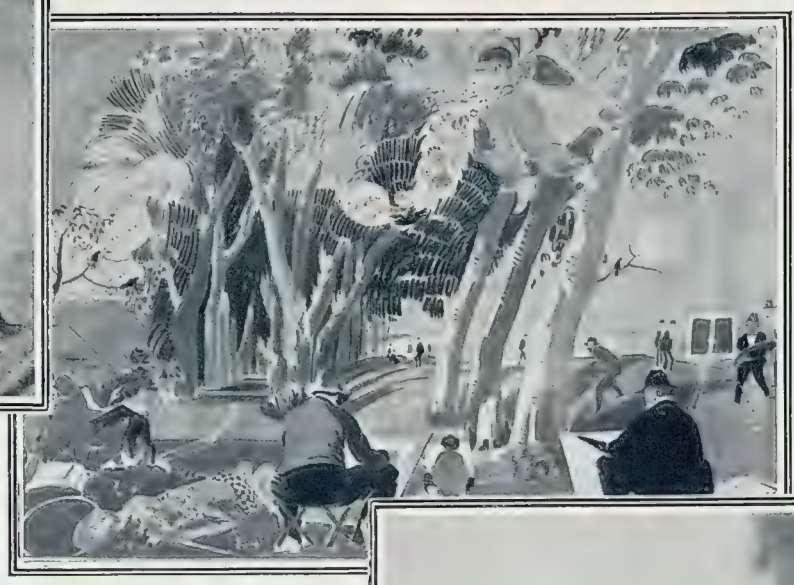
A PAIR OF BOOTS: One of the examples of the "Paris period" of Vincent Van Gogh now on view at the Leicester Galleries

Vincent van Gogh, an exhibition of whose work is now on view at the Leicester Galleries, was born at Groot-Zundert (Holland) in 1853, where his father was a Protestant pastor. His uncle was a picture-dealer; through his influence Vincent entered the firm's branch at the Hague at the age of sixteen. There he made good progress and remained four years. In 1873 Vincent was appointed to the branch in London and settled down happily.

Vincent was deeply religious, and spent many evenings reading the Bible. Soon he determined to give up his schoolmaster's post and become a preacher of the Gospel; so in 1887 he left England for Amsterdam to train for the ministry. His impatience would not allow him to complete the course, and he went to the mining district of the Borinage, in Belgium, to carry on missionary work. During this period Van Gogh became gloomy and nervous. He starved himself, neglected his clothes, and was considered eccentric.

He began to find relief in drawing. His first subjects were the miners going to work, or in their homes, but sometimes he copied reproductions of Millet's drawings. His interest in drawing and painting increased until, in the year 1882, he began to devote all his days to his art.

In 1886 he went to Paris. After two years in Paris he became restless; the climate depressed him, and in February, 1888, he decided to move to the South, settling down at Arles. After a time his old feeling of loneliness returned, and he wrote to Gauguin, who was living at Pont Aven, entreating him to join him at Arles. Eight months later Gauguin arrived. The two painters lived together in the little yellow house which has become famous through Van Gogh's picture. The experiment was disastrous. After a period in the asylum of St. Rémy, and a release, he was placed under a doctor friend of Cezanne's, but to no purpose, ending his own life in 1890.



POSTER ART BY AN R.A.: Mr. Philip Connard's delightful poster for the Underground. The cognoscenti will recognize several well-known artists in it

In his early days Herring was employed as a coach-painter at Doncaster. This brought him in touch with the coaching trade, and he soon obtained leave to drive a coach himself, which he did for some years. He gave this up, however, as sporting patrons of the day were numerous and they gave him many commissions to paint their horses. He is also famous for his series of winners of the St. Leger and the Derby

"HUNTERS AT GRASS," by J. F. Herring, Senior, dated 1841 (now on exhibition at Vicars Bros. Old Bond Street): J. F. Herring, Senior (born 1795, died 1865), was one of the greatest of the Early English school of sporting painters, and this picture, which is a very fine example of his work, belongs to his middle and best period

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8	8 ×	3	7	6	19	6	11	1 ×	3	5	5	15	0	13	10 ×	3	9	7	17	6	16	2 ×	3	9	8	8	0
8	10 ×	3	6	4	14	6	11	7 ×	3	4	6	19	6	14	0 ×	3	6	7	17	6	16	5 ×	3	7	7	17	6
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9	3 ×	3	8	4	14	6	12	3 ×	3	2	6	19	6	14	8 ×	3	4	7	17	6	17	0 ×	3	1	7	17	6
9	9 ×	3	0	4	10	6	12	6 ×	3	5	5	15	0	15	2 ×	3	7	7	17	6	17	3 ×	2	9	7	17	6
10	0 ×	3	5	5	15	0	12	11 ×	3	11	7	7	0	15	5 ×	3	6	9	19	6	17	6 ×	3	5	8	18	6
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LAID IN THE DESERT: Egg cylinders in the desert south of Beer-sheba, exposed by the shifting of the sand

50,000 LOCUSTS to the SQUARE YARD

Following Our Recent Article Describing the Slaying of the Locusts, We Present an Exposition of the Manner in which the Plagues Start

While an army of Arabs under British officials have been for weeks past destroying the locusts in the Sinai Desert, another contingent has been equally active in Transjordania, on the other side of the River Jordan.

Around Amman and in other places hundreds of acres have been ploughed or turned over with the spade to destroy the eggs, while flame-throwers have made war upon the new-hatched locusts. It is fortunate that some days must elapse from the time of hatching till the insects are able to fly, for when the latter stage is reached little can be done. You can easily distinguish the male from the female locust, the former being by far the handsomer. Both are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, the female being slightly larger. The wings are semi-transparent and filled with veins or, more correctly, strengthening tissues, and are white with brown spots. The male has a vivid yellow body, while that of the female is a deep brown.

The fertility of the locust is amazing. The female with her ovipositors sinks a hole in the ground, often through hard, compact soil. These holes often go down to a depth of 10 to 15 in. How so small and frail a creature can bore in hard ground to such a depth is one of the marvels of Nature. While boring, the female sits, wings outstretched upon the earth, and possibly moistens the soil to facilitate the work. She evidently has the ability to stretch or lengthen her annulæ, pressing her body into the hole till the depth required is reached.

The eggs, averaging about a hundred in number, are deposited in the bottom of the hole, not haphazard, but neatly arranged in a long cylindrical mass and enveloped in a sticky, glutinous secretion, with which frothy substance the top of the hole is also sealed to prevent enemies encroaching, and at the same time of such a nature as to allow the newly-hatched brood to get out readily. It was found that when newly laid the eggs could be removed in one solid piece, but once a few days had passed they crumbled apart when touched. Once exposed to the air the eggs never hatch, which no doubt accounts for the depth at which they are laid. Once the female locust has laid her eggs her life mission is done. She flies away and soon dies.

The eggs were found in every variety of soil, in orchards, fields, on stony mountain-tops, and in soil near the Dead Sea heavily impregnated with alkali. In a square yard as many as fifty to seventy-five separate deposits of eggs were found. That would mean from 50,000 to 75,000 locusts emerging from a space 36 in. square. Hence the efforts made to destroy the eggs before the young are hatched. H. J. S.

WITH TURNED-DOWN ABDOMEN: A locust in the posture when preparing to dig into the ground to lay

THE RECORDER: The level of the soil when this cylinder of locust eggs was deposited by the mother is indicated by the figure 1 on the centimetre rule

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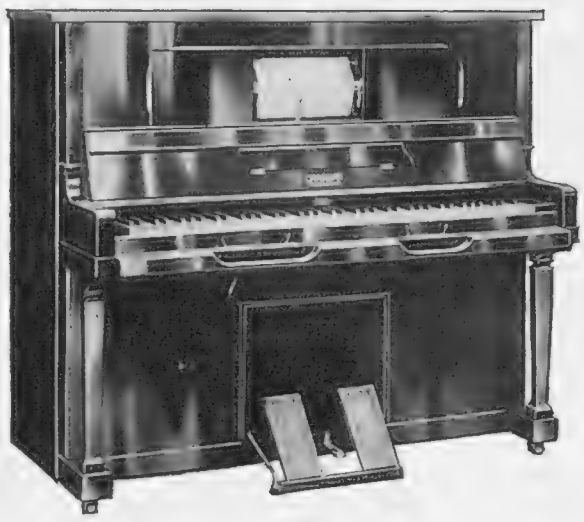

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SPEEDING UP the RUSH HOUR

The Underground's New Automatic Device which Gives Tickets and Change at Once

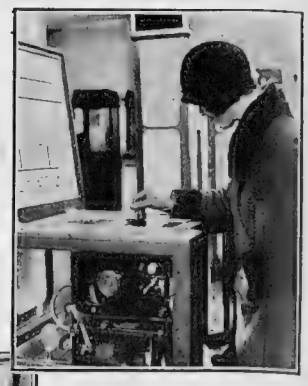
THE TICKET CHANGE-GIVER: A close-up view of the device which will take copper or silver and give you in either case a ticket, and in the latter, change. Copper is inserted on the right, silver in the centre. The ticket comes out on the left and the change (if any) below. On right a lady is seen collecting her ticket

The Underground Railways Authorities are to be congratulated on their continuous efforts to study the convenience of passengers by adopting, almost regardless of expense, any practical economic means of time-saving. One would have thought that the batteries of automatic ticket delivery machines in service at their principal stations were numerous and speedy enough, but apparently those machines leave something to be desired, and this "something" takes the form of the change of silver into copper coins, for it has to be remembered that the majority of passengers on the Underground (other than the thousands of season ticket holders) obtain their "travel passports" through the medium of the nimble pennies, the precise number of which, however, are not always in one's pocket just when required.

This problem of enabling individual passengers instantaneously to obtain change when taking a ticket has long been a matter of thought and experiment by an endless number of inventors and engineers, both in this country and abroad. A year or so ago Germany produced a machine which, amongst other features, included what is known as a "bunch-hopper," by means of which it was possible to drop pennies to the value of the ticket required into the hopper and obtain delivery of that ticket. This was certainly a step in the right direction and effected a large saving of time, but it was not enough, as the travelling public are too often unprovided with sufficient pennies to buy threepenny to sixpenny tickets. Experience has shown that a speedy, reliable method of taking any combination of pence and halfpence, as well as giving change for large and small pieces of silver, simultaneously with the delivery of the ticket would constitute the practical and ideal machine, but one extremely difficult to produce. This contingency had long been foreseen by a Bristol firm of engineers, Messrs. Brecknell, Munro, and Rogers, Ltd., who have long been recognized as one of the leading manufacturers of all types of high-class automatic machines for vending a large variety of packeted proprietary articles.

For more than two years their technical and invention departments worked unremittingly on the problem, at a cost which may be reckoned in thousands of pounds sterling.

The machine here illustrated is the result, and it is one which may be safely reckoned as one of the most wonderful pieces of automatic mechanism in this age of automatic wonders. Its general appearance needs no description. In operation it is an improvement on the existing "bunch-hopper" machine because it accepts not only pence but also halfpence when handling copper coin, and further, possesses the invaluable ability to give change for either sixpence or a shilling. If insufficient money is thrown into the hopper, the amount required to make up the balance is indicated on a dial prominently displayed.



PUT IN A SHILLING AND GET YOUR CHANGE: Two aspects of the bunch-hopper machine

When the coins are thrown in they are counted by the mechanism and registered on the dial. Should this amount be insufficient, the passenger can thus see at a glance the amount inserted and will quickly realize the additional amount necessary to secure the desired ticket.

As a ready-reckoner it is automatically perfect, so perfect, in fact, as to convey the idea that the inventor has provided his mechanical offspring with some form of thinking apparatus. Like all automatic machines, however, it insists on being treated with a certain amount of respect, and it abhors damaged or bent coins as things quite unsuited to its mechanism. Unlike other ticket delivery machines now in use, it is fully automatic, and is constantly in action, the mechanism being operated by a small motor consuming a negligible amount of current. There is, therefore, no waste of time in starting the mechanism after the drop of the coin, and the result is instantaneous action, the machine being easily capable of delivering at the rate of one ticket per second. The whole of the working parts operate steadily and smoothly in specially made ball-races, so that friction is reduced to a minimum, and its life should be very lengthy. The interior being illuminated, the operating parts can be watched through the windows provided for this purpose, and this has already proved a great attraction to thousands of passengers daily.

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BOOKS of the SEASON

A Sestette of Volumes Worthy of Consideration

When June is upon us, and all the glory of the season is spread before our feet, then comes the influx of the horn-rimmed fraternity, seeking culture and cocktails in about equal quantities. Beyond St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Tower, Stratford, and Oxford, the average transatlantic visitor is not only ignorant of what he ought to see but tears madly about trying to cram the Zoo and Greenwich into the same morning, and when he gets back to America, has an ill-informed memory of an ill-assimilated meal of sight-seeing. To avoid this, M. V. Hughes has written an excellent treatise entitled *America's England* (Dent. 6s. net). Not only does this volume tell Americans what to see, from ghosts to Epstein's latest masterpieces (or atrocities), but special attention has been paid to those spots more sacred even to them than to us—places redolent of Hudson, Cabot, Penn, and other pioneers. It is a book every American paying his first visit to England should acquire, and a book definitely worth even an Englishman's (and a well-informed Englishman at that) while to buy.

But nowhere is the season more visible, more apparent, more incarnate than in Hyde Park. Horses in the Row, cars at Stanhope Gate, rowers on the Serpentine, dogs on the turf, orators at the Arch, and children everywhere — the pleasaunce of Landon is not only a hunting ground for the military, or a place for the amorous. It is a sward instinct with history and romance. It is especially this aspect of "The Park of Hyde" that is presented in Mrs. Alec Tweedie's small volume which bears the title *Hyde Park*, and is published by Besant at 3s. 6d. net. In true scholar style, Mrs. Tweedie does not limit her reconstruction merely to the kings who hunted in the Park, the criminals who were gibbeted in its shades, the friars who made their home in its verdant places; but taking the Park as it were as a centre, her lively fancy radiates into various phases of the history of Britain.

"COME AND CATCH HOLD OF HIM": One of G. D. Armour's illustrations to "Broncho," a gorgeous tale of a gorgeous horse reviewed above

When it comes to sport, the Season has much to offer. One of the greatest attractions is unquestionably Wimbledon. Too many people go to the Centre Court with no knowledge of tennis, apart from the fact that a ball is banged over the net—or into it. One has only to hear the applause at a hard-hit but easy smash, and the silence that greets the subtlety of the four or five strokes that have gone before to pave the way for the opening which resulted in the "kill," not to appreciate that fact. In *Things that Matter in Lawn Tennis* (Besant. 5s. net). Major J. C. S. Rendall, one of the greatest teachers the game has produced, not only has written a text-book valuable to all, from the club player to the tyro, save the super-expert, but he has also opened up to the mere spectator of the game an appreciation of its delicacy and tactics that should enhance by 100 per. cent the enjoyment of every visitor to Wimbledon.

This year, especially, cricket is of paramount importance in the public mind and popular taste. In view of this fact *Cricketing Memories*, by Frank R. Foster (The London Publishing Co. 10s. 6d. net.), should have a warm appeal. A pre-war stalwart of England, who led his team (Warwickshire) to victory in the County Championship, helped largely to bowl England to victory, both before he was twenty-four, Mr. Foster has a record 99 per cent. of cricketers in history must envy. He writes of his memories of the field with a pen that is as nippy as his ball from the pitch and as free as the bat he swung so lustily. Quite definitely a book to read—and to possess.

Once again to revert to the season, Olympia has its attractions in these pleasant weeks. It has proved the inspiration to a notable volume, *Broncho*, by Richard Ball, illustrated with drawings by G. D. Armour. It is published by *Country Life* at 10s. 6d. net, and there is also an *edition de luxe* at £2 2s., with each volume of which an extra set of plates for framing is supplied. The late Colonel Malise Graham on his veteran charger, Broncho, has inspired this gorgeous yarn of hunting, racing, and the war. I could wish no horse a happier fate than to be owned by the author and illustrator of *Broncho*.

In the evenings of the season, there are opera, ball, rout, play, revel, night-club, revue, and dinner in the country. At the last resort, there are bridge, poker, chemmy, *vingt-et-un*. But should all these pall—and the Bright Young Things demand intelligence in their amusements—there remains *The Baffle Book*. This excellent volume, brilliantly edited from the American of Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay, by F. Tennyson Jesse (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net), contains a series of crimes which the readers are invited to unravel. The answers are printed in the back of the book. Some are easy, some are hard. Competitions can be held and games played with its aid. Definitely a book for a house-party on a rainy day.

The "baffle party" is rapidly becoming something of an institution to-day. The host reads out a chapter describing the *mise-en-scène* of a crime—a description presenting, but not stressing, sufficient clues to enable the problem to be solved. A certain number of questions, sufficient data (my dear Watson!) to answer all of which is afforded, are then posed, and the competitors are given a short time—five or ten minutes—to answer them. A certain number of points is allotted to each question and these add up to a maximum of 10 for the entire crime. In the course of a wet afternoon one can get through the "dog-hours" very comfortably with three or four of the 28 problems presented. Wallace, Van Dine, H. C. Bailey, and Sherlock fans will be amazed at their lack of facility. One always thinks, reading a detective story, "Of course I should have known, had I been the police, that the postman (or preacher, or millionaire) was guilty"; but when one is faced with a fair statement of an actual case one is at a loss. Miss Tennyson Jesse in her Preface admits that she was not a great success at a "baffle party." If so noted a criminologist can fail, take heart of grace, all ye amateur sleuths, and give a "baffle party!"

G. R.

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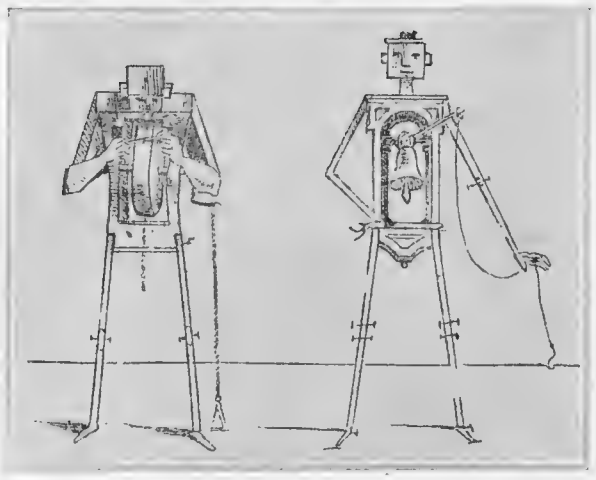
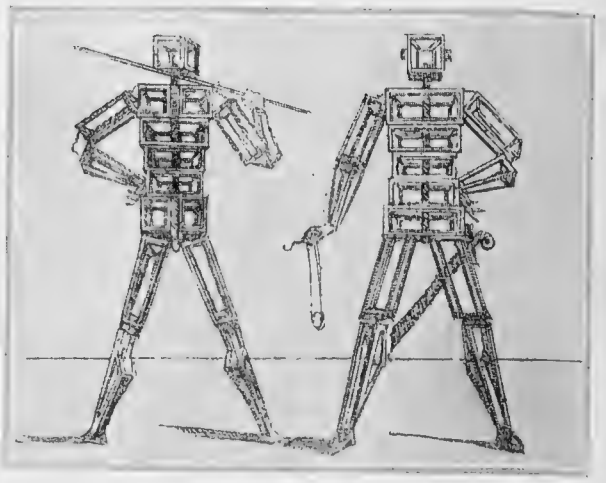


"GRINDER WHO SERENELY GRINDEST": With grindstone for body and the frame supporting it for legs, Braccelli gives as human a pose to the workman as he does with the upright treatment of the belfry with its bell

THE THUNDERBOLTS OF JOVE: In contrast with the barbed javelins enmeshed in flames stands the smiling serenity of the Earth God, with tree for head-dress and blossoming branches for arms

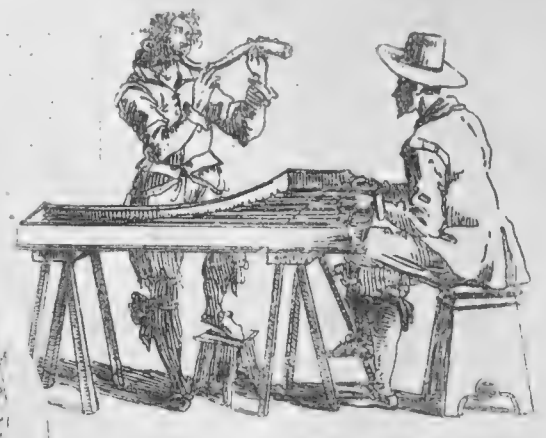


MEDIEVAL ROBOTS: With boxes cleverly placed, the artist achieves positions of firm stability. It is interesting to note in the right hand of the right-hand figure what looks like the once popular toy—diabolo

Living in the first half of the seventeenth century—he died in 1649—Braccelli, a Florentine artist, was noted for the fantastic character of his work, which is exemplified in these reproductions from his "Bizarie"—a rare work—only a few copies of which have been traced

ON WITH THE DANCE: These fantastic suggestions both for costume and for pose might have been evolved by such a master choreographer as Serge Lifar for one of his Modernist ballets

Left and right—*These brilliant arrangements of the accoutrements of war, convey a strikingly human impression of the meeting of two warriors armed* cap-à-piè



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS": An example of another side of Braccelli's art, in which in a series of twenty plates he dealt realistically with musical instruments

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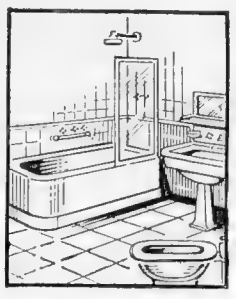

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52 A

The Horseless Carriage

THE PETROL WORLD

for the CAR PLANE & BOAT OWNER

Derby Bound, 1899

A ***WORD TO MR. MORRISON.***—During the last month or so when going up to London I have garaged my car on the outskirts and have used buses and tubes to get about from place to place. This procedure naturally turned me into a pedestrian for most of the day, and I have discovered from practical experience that London traffic is controlled without giving much thought to the lot of the poor pedestrian. Again this individual is apparently allowed to wander about just as he pleases, causing unnecessary risk to himself and to other road users. Without decorating myself with the label of any particular political faith, I think I can say without fear of contradiction that at the moment we have a very energetic and, compared with the usual run of Government officials, a sensible Minister of Transport. I would suggest to him that he should immediately tackle the problem of the pedestrian without waiting another moment.

First of all, from time immemorial the individual on foot has, as it were, been lord of the road, and even to-day this old custom causes endless accidents, most of them taking place because some misguided individual desires to assert his rights. Sooner or later, and I hope it will be sooner, the pedestrian must be put in his place. We cannot afford to allow him to roam about just as he wishes and thus cause trouble to himself and to others. Although he is very often at fault I must say that in London he has a very thin time of it should he desire to cross a street. Although I have not timed myself I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that on many occasions I have to wait five minutes before I can contemplate making a reasonably safe passage through the traffic. Time is money and such waste of valuable minutes is unforgivable, particularly when with a little organization the time could be saved. In short we must assist the pedestrian to cross the street, and we must also prevent him from embarking on his perilous passage just when and where he pleases. There should be regular crossing points, and in order not to hold up traffic, tunnels or bridges should be built for the use of the pedestrian.

Models of Perfection: A theatrical party appearing in Lahore in a play entitled *The New Yorkers*. The Hillman Straight Eight tourer is one of the "props." Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Piccadilly, are sole world exporters of Hillman cars

REGULATIONS FOR PEDESTRIANS.—The average Britisher will not use a subway, and I doubt whether he would take the trouble of walking up steps in order to cross a bridge, though, of course, the law of the land could be modified so as to compel him to employ such safer devices. But I think this would be rather harsh, so that a way must be found to assist the pedestrian and to save him as much trouble as possible.

I cannot see any great engineering difficulty in constructing either a subway or a bridge where there is, as it were, a moving stairway such as we now see on the Underground stations. All he would have to do would be to step on the moving platform and he could then read his newspaper until he reached the other side. This plan may appear somewhat futuristic, but no matter how we persuade ourselves that it is unnecessary, the time will eventually come when some such device will be found at every important crossing, and when that is done people on foot must be forbidden to cross the road any other way.

The pedestrian of to-day is rather like the somewhat vigorous voice of a certain section of the cycling world which shouted from every house-top some time ago that there was no reason why a cyclist should display a red light to the rear. It was then pointed out that the motorist who overtook should shoulder the blame should a cyclist be run down. Personally I thought that was very poor comfort to the unfortunate cyclist, and in any case, such an argument completely ignored the factor of time. Time is undoubtedly money, and all our rules

(*Continued on p.* 586)

The classic touch..

A statue by Michael Angelo; a picture by Raphael; a work of art by Cellini; a Minerva Car . . . . . ! The outstanding products of every age which express such inspired ideals of beauty and craftsmanship deserve the appellation "classic."

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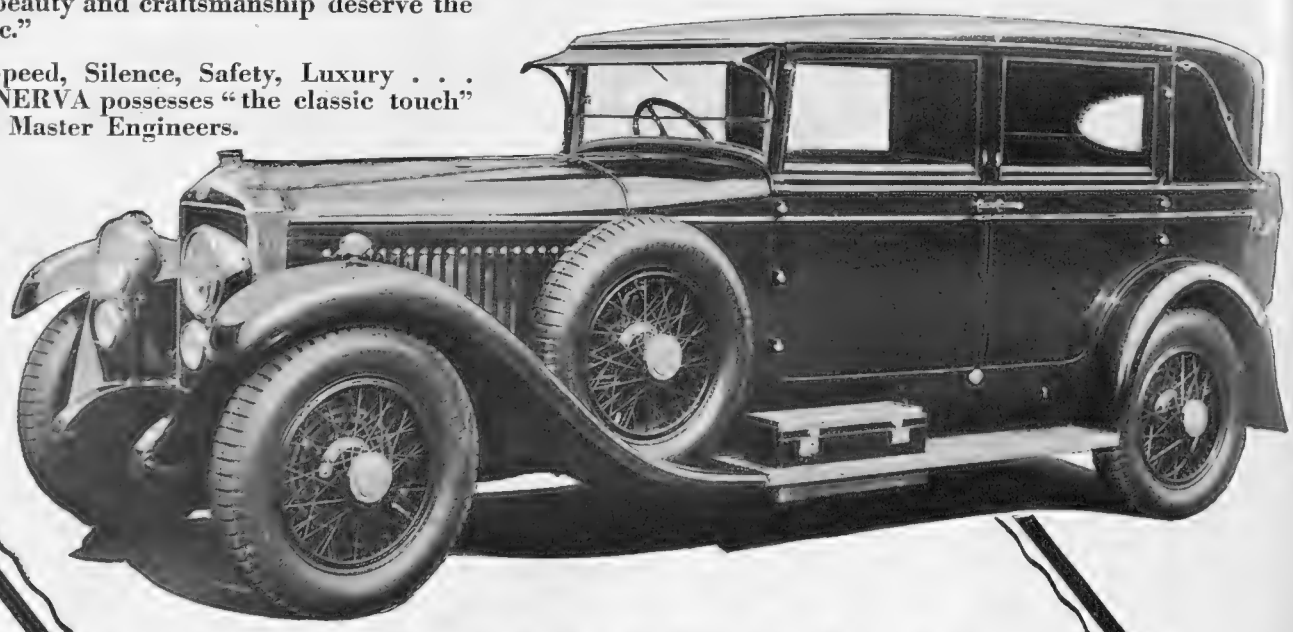

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Six-cylinder. 16 h.p. Seats five persons. Driver's seat is adjustable. Upholstery in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Biflex magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, Triplex glass, luggage carrier, wire wheels, Dunlop tyres. Exterior metal parts are chromium plated.

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Those who prefer outstanding dependability for years, to flashing performance for months . . . those who prize lasting efficiency before short-lived fashion, instinctively turn to the Austin.

For in this car is found motoring at its best, motoring free from trouble, free from annoyance . . . motoring that is not a drain on one's pocket. Here is yet another Owner Report which shows the stuff of which Austins are made :

On a tour to Scotland, the car left Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire at 7.45 a.m. and reached Galashiels, Selkirkshire, a distance of 330 miles, at 4.45 p.m. 70 minutes were allowed for lunch; the car thus averaged 42·1 miles per hour.

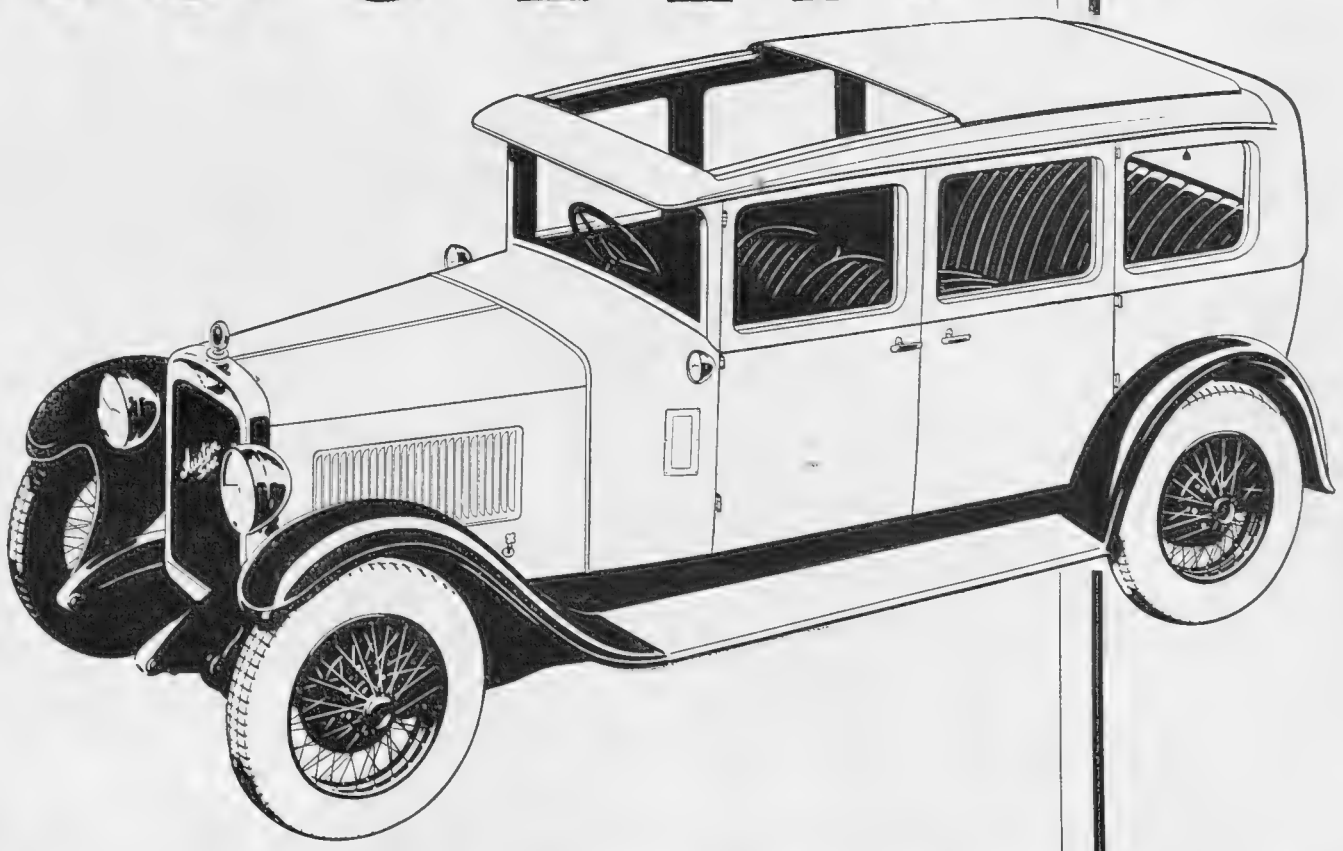
During the whole tour of 954 miles *it was not found necessary to change gear* except when stopped in traffic; the engine ran beautifully all the way.

This is what is meant by Austin dependability . . . this is how standard Austins function in the hands of everyday Austin owners.

If *you* wish to enjoy motoring as it should be enjoyed — dependable motoring at the lowest possible maintenance cost . . . . see your nearest Austin dealer. Literature will be sent free on request.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are published in this series of reports.*

AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Company, Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11.

Safari! 1930 Method: Seven 6-cylinder Wolseley cars were used by the Prince of Wales during his recent tour in Africa. The above picture shows one of the cars being loaded up with meat for the camp in Kenya

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page)

A Standard of Excellence: Miss Paddy Naismith with her 6-cylinder Standard coupé with which she competed successfully in the recent Ladies' London to Land's End Trial. With her are seen Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., and Mr. W. Hall, M.P.

and regulations must be so framed that everything goes along as fast as possible with reasonable safety. Until we can persuade the whole world that there is no necessity for motor-cars and motor-lorries to travel at a speed greater than 10 m.p.h. there will be a race between countries to speed up their traffic and thus enrich themselves.

WALKING TO THE COMMON DANGER. —A pedestrian must, therefore, be brought under control for the good of the nation, and I am afraid that as time progresses he will have to obey a very similar code of laws as is the case of the motorist who uses the roads.

In certain parts of America the so-called jay-walker finds himself issued with a summons for dangerous walking, and although at the moment we may be inclined to laugh at his lot I do not think it will be a long time before we shall all be compelled to adopt the same measures ourselves. Anyone who through his behaviour endangers the lives of others should be made accountable for his conduct. I am not endeavouring to imply that all drivers of cars are blameless, because I know from practical experience that there is quite a considerable amount of reckless and extraordinarily foolish driving, and I hope that everything will be done to bring the offenders to book. Still, that must not be allowed to stop us taking measures to control every kind of traffic, particularly the pedestrian.

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS.— I also have a word or two to say about cyclists. Once or twice a year I find myself pedalling along roads, and I must confess that I keep horribly close to the left-hand side of the road, and when I hear a car behind me nothing makes me deviate my course until it has passed and I know that the coast is clear. I find that cyclists, as a class, take the most extraordinary risks for no obvious purpose. They dart hither and thither without concern as to what is on the road, but I think their greatest crime is when they ride two and often three abreast. Why they should have such suicidal tendencies I am at a loss to understand, but the fact remains that anyone has only to take a drive ten or fifteen miles on the road to see two or three cyclists coming along in this manner. Some cycling enthusiast will probably say, "Why should not we ride like that and be sociable?" and then I am afraid my caustic reply would be, "Why should not I, when driving my car, travel along parallel with my friend, who is alone in another car, and thus take up the entire road?" This practice is such a dangerous one that I frequently stay in my office a little longer than necessary in order to avoid an army of cyclists which emerges from a nearby works at knocking-off time. Whether the employees of this particular firm are any worse than those elsewhere I cannot say, but should my journey home coincide with theirs as regards time, I am certain to meet hundreds of them travelling sometimes five abreast.

P.C.'s PLEASE NOTE.—The police authorities are still quite busy trapping motorists, although many people imagine quite erroneously that the speed limit has been abolished. I venture to suggest that our worthy constables would much better be occupied in seeing that other breaches of road regulations resulted in summonses. We have the bicycle which does not have a reflector; we have the steam lorry which belches out clouds of smoke and vapour, thus putting a wonderfully effective smoke-screen along the road; others fling red-hot cinders into the air, which fall down and burn holes in hoods, coats, and sometimes drop into a driver's eye; we have the motorist who parks his car where other road-users cannot see it until within a few feet; we have the horse and cart going along after dark without any visible light; in fact, any intelligent constable could contribute effectively to the safety of the roads if he were sent on a mission to detect conduct such as I have visualized.

A RUMOUR REFUTED.—I am sorry to be compelled to return once again to the subject of the accident which took place at Brooklands on May 9. The Brooklands Automobile Racing Club set up a special small sub-committee to go into the question on the spot and see if they could suggest anything whereby the safety of spectators might be further increased. Obviously many suggestions were discussed, but the

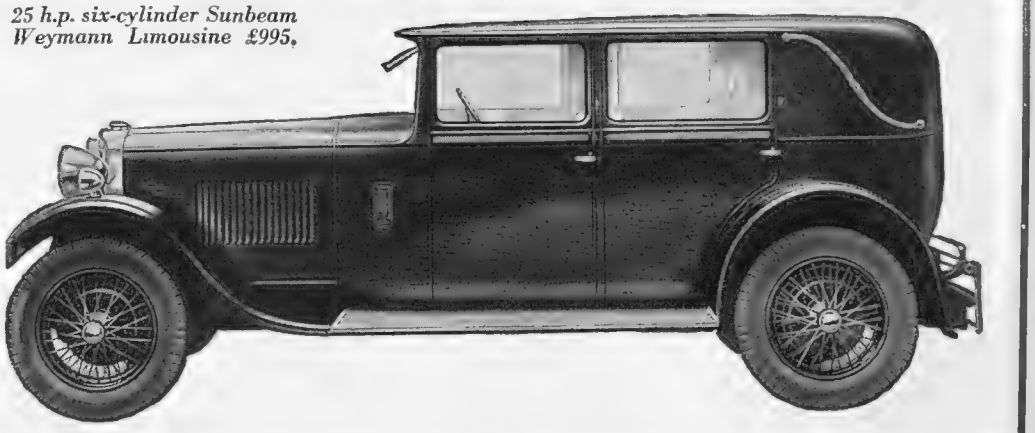
(Continued on page 588)

The faculty of choice!

In no other class of car is choice so restricted as in the seven-seater limousine range at about £1000, and in no other class is the British quality of what may be called *thoroughgoing* luxury so successfully displayed.

Among these few models, the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam stands out in no uncertain manner—a fact confirmed by the large number of these beautiful cars to be met with in town and country. This model is *fashionable* simply because most present-day buyers are capable of close judgment in cars.

25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam Weymann Limousine £995.



The 25 h.p. Sunbeam Weymann Limousine, at £995, allies the true Weymann method of construction with an interior luxury usually to be found only in the best coach-built bodies. It unites the conveniences of both saloon and limousine, and may be owner-driven with full companionship or chauffeur-driven with full privacy for passengers. The panel between the driving seat and rear seat disappears when so required by the mere turning of a handle. This car, with its superb seven-seater body, is a very remarkable example of quality rendered exceptionally attractive by its comparatively low first cost.

In the £1000 class of cars the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam is so pre-eminent as to render choice no difficult matter, as a trial run will demonstrate.

»SUNBEAM CARS«

The Sunbeam range includes six-cylinder cars of 16, 20 and 25 h.p., together with the famous 3-litre. Prices of five-seater cars from £550. Dunlop tyres standard.

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20-25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

The new Rolls-Royce engine can be correctly described as silent and vibrationless at all speeds while running under load.

My rear passengers had no idea and my front passenger a mere suspicion as to when I allowed the car to coast or the engine to 'pull'. Coasting or 'pulling', the only sound to be heard is the rush of air past the car and the only vibration is that arising from an uneven road surface—and the very minimum from that source, so excellent is the springing.—*Marcus W. Bourdon.*

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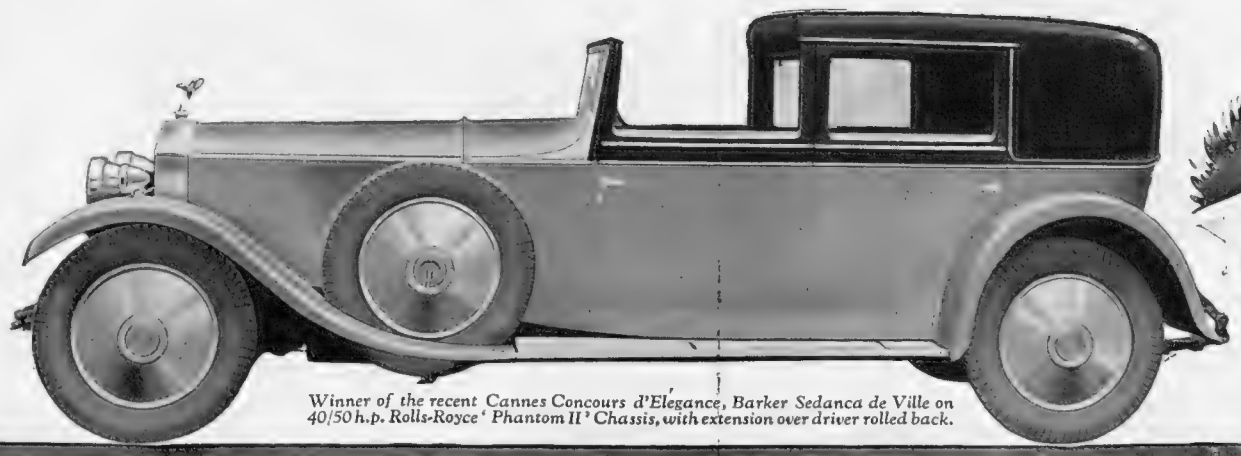

Winner of the recent Cannes Concours d'Elegance, Barker Sedanca de Ville on 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce 'Phantom II' Chassis, with extension over driver rolled back.

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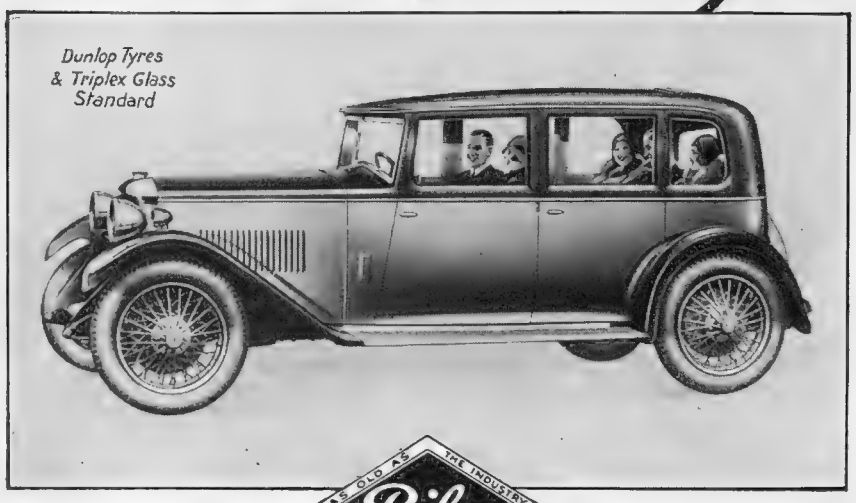

There are sixes which give you no more pride—no more comfort—no more pleasure and—no better service than the "four" which you discarded in its favour.

There are sixes which have caused you far more trouble—far more anxiety!

"Sixes *and* sixes *and*—"THE MAGICAL SIX," where beauty of line and the highest standard of performance are ideally combined.

Above we illustrate the
DEAUVILLE PANELLED SALOON

in which the famous 14 h.p. Six Cylinder chassis, with its extremely flexible power unit and twin-top gear, coupled with the beautifully designed Deauville Saloon Body, offers the discriminating motorist an individuality of which he must be proud, linked to a performance, ease of control, and economy in upkeep which have rarely, if ever, been equalled.

And this Deauville Saloon can be purchased with a choice of many optional two-tone colour schemes at £495.

Let us demonstrate—we will do so gladly at your convenience.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD.,
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The PETROL World

(Continued from preceding page)

Speedsters Both: Miss Eleanore Mitchell, holder of the European Typewriting Championship for four years, with her Austin Seven saloon, which is of course one of the fastest and surest baby cars on the road

Press appears to have selected one and then made a statement that it was going to be carried out. In the interests of accuracy I should like it to be known that this sub-committee has made no decision whatever and that all the stories of fortifications round Brooklands are mere moonshine.

This is not a question which can be settled in a hurry, merely because there is no known definite remedy, and even the advocates of fortifications may find their faith somewhat shaken by the reported fatal accident which recently took place in America. There a car jumped a retaining wall and killed several spectators. This instance shows that the sub-committee is more than wise in refusing to be stampeded into a quick decision.

"TATTOOING" MADE EASY. —The committee of the Aldershot Tattoo and the R.A.C., who are responsible for the traffic and car-parking arrangements respectively in connection with the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, are making a number of innovations this year with the object of improving these arrangements. All cars travelling to the Tattoo and not displaying a reserved car-park disc will be provided on application with a strip stick-on label bearing the word "Tattoo" in white on a red ground. This should be displayed on the windscreen of cars and will enable the police and R.A.C. guides to sort traffic at cross-roads and junctions, passing vehicles bound for the Tattoo on to their destination without delay. Alternative routes have been plotted to relieve all approaches where congestion might occur within the Tattoo area, and an elaborate system of telephone communication has been devised so that traffic can be diverted at any moment from a congested route. As in previous years, all vehicles will be parked in the "region" adjacent to the route by which they will proceed home, and all roads leading from the Tattoo area will be one-way routes. Every care has been taken to obviate the possibility of a hold-up owing to one traffic stream crossing another.

To assist drivers on their return journeys, the R.A.C. is erecting a number of large reflector direction signs which will be visible from a considerable distance and will enable drivers to pick out their route without hesitation. In previous years a certain amount of inconvenience has been occasioned to spectators after the performance owing to their being unable to locate the park in which their vehicles were placed. To obviate this, passengers in all parks will be provided by the R.A.C. with cards coloured and numbered to correspond to the park in which their car or charabanc is standing. R.A.C. guides will be stationed at all strategic points in the vicinity of the arena to direct spectators to the various parks.

In 1929 the R.A.C. handled over 30,000 vehicles during the five nights of the Tattoo. It is anticipated that this figure will be exceeded this year, but the arrangements that have been made should ensure that spectators are able to arrive at and leave the Tattoo without inconvenience provided that they follow the the directions of the traffic control staff established for their convenience. Tattoo labels, car park discs, and all information relating to the parking and traffic arrangements are available on application to the Secretary, Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot, or the Secretary, R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE HARMSWORTH CUP.— For the first time for many years Great Britain will have a complete team of motor-boats for the British International Trophy Race. The race will take place on Detroit River on August 30, September 1 and 2. Each country is allowed three boats, and for this year's race two have been entered by Miss M. B. Carstairs, the famous driver of high-speed motor-boats, and the other by Sir Henri Segrave. This will be the third year that Miss Carstairs has made an attempt on behalf of Great Britain.

The trophy was originally known as the Harmsworth Cup. It was presented by the late Lord Northcliffe in 1903 for International competition, to be competed for annually. It has been contested for on fifteen occasions; five times it has been won by Great Britain, once by France, and nine times by the present holders, America. The trophy has been held by America since 1920. The rules of the race necessitate that heats shall be run off until one country has won two races. The country which first wins two races is adjudged the winner of the trophy. For this year's race the same course on the Detroit River as last year has been selected. It is not an easy course, and six laps have to be covered in each heat—30 nautical miles or 34·5 land miles in all.

"For Services Rendered": Mr. F. H. Royce (now Sir Frederic Henry Royce, Bart.) receives a medal from Colonel The Master of Sempill at a recent meeting of the Royal Aeronautical Society, London, for his large share in the outstanding success of the "R.R." aero engines

by A. PERCY BRADLEY

The World's Finest Car Lamp!

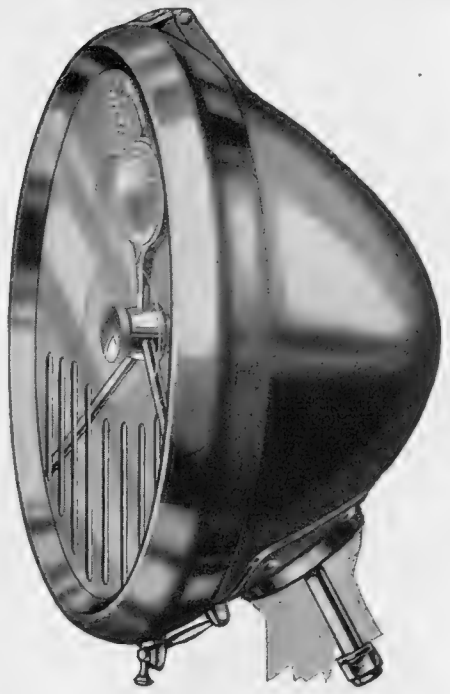
THE LUCAS TYPE P100DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR has been designed specifically for the world's leading cars. It is built to give the finest possible driving light, while the appearance is particularly handsome and imposing. Nothing has been spared to make this the world's finest car lamp.

The reflecting system is designed to give a magnificent high-power light which carries a tremendous distance ahead, while flooding the width of the road near the car with a more diffused light.

A very useful dipping beam device is incorporated in this lamp. A secondary bulb is fitted behind a special lens in the top half of the reflector and, when the high-power light is switched off, this reduced light (thrown downwards) comes into operation, giving the same effect as dipping headlights. The angle of dip can be altered by adjustment of bulb. Control is by a neat change-over switch mounted on steering-column or dash.

Among the many other special features are :—Readily accessible micrometer focussing device; special light-controlling front glass; bulbs designed specially for this lamp; Lucas patent universally adjustable mounting; front, reflector extension and reflector are all hinged to open up, allowing ready access to interior.

Ask to see the Lucas P100DB at one of the leading Coachbuilders or Motor Showrooms, and specify a pair on your new car. Your Coachbuilders will also arrange for the fitting of Lucas P100DB Headlamps to your present car.

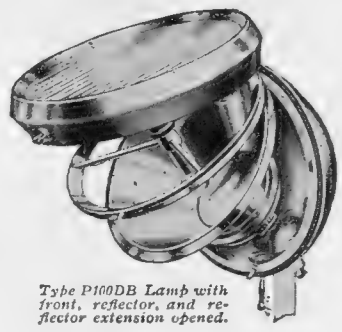


PRICE **£21.0.0** PER PAIR

Finish : Ebony Black (Plated Parts)

Nickel-Plated, £22. Chromium-Plated, £23.10.0. Silver-Plated, £27.10.0

TYPE P80DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR, new model, similar but smaller. Prices per pair—Ebony Black (Plated Parts), £15.15.0; Nickel-Plated, £16.10.0; Chromium-Plated, £18; Silver-Plated, £22



Type P100DB Lamp with front, reflector, and reflector extension opened.

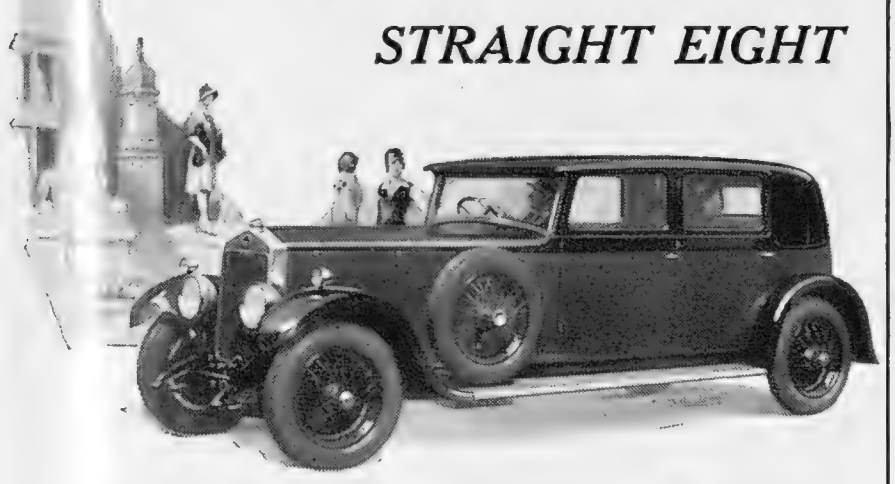
LUCAS

"KING OF THE ROAD" TYPE P100DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTORS

Recommended by the leading Coachbuilders

FREE—Write to Dept. SP for Illustrated Catalogue of range of Lucas "Motoralities." JOSEPH LUCAS LTD., BIRMINGHAM.

The LANCHESTER 30 h.p. STRAIGHT EIGHT



of which Mr. A. Percy Bradley, writing in "The Sphere," recently said :—

No matter where one investigates in this Lanchester chassis one finds the designer has been there first. Every small detail has been thought out with a thoroughness which is quite refreshing. Nothing has been left to chance and everything has been made and designed so that any adjustments or repairs which may be necessary can be carried out with the utmost despatch and with the least possible trouble.

You have only to see the Lanchester Straight Eight to realise the extraordinary development it represents in motor car design. A trial run gladly arranged to suit your convenience. Will you make an appointment ?

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THERE'S nothing to compare with an Eccles Caravan for combining holiday freedom with the comfortable feeling of home. Getting back to your caravan after a walk or a drive or a bathe is like returning to your own cheerful house. Then you can plan for to-morrow: "Shall we stay here, or move on?" It's all so simple—and you save money, too. There are Eccles Caravans to suit every car. Come to our Showrooms and see the many different models—see how roomy they are, and how luxurious. You may purchase or hire.

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A Far-famed Spa of Fascinating Charm.
Perfectly Endowed for Rest and Renewal.
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Apply at any G.W.R. Station or Office for particulars of train services, cheap facilities, etc.

The Spa Director offers personal service and literature, Dept. (S).

NOTE—Second Malvern Dramatic Festival, August 18 to 30.

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R.A.C. *The Old Established Family Hotel* A.A.
Magnificent Views and Large Restful Garden .. Modern Comforts .. Noted Cuisine
Telephone: 197 Tariff from Resident Owner

The Glory of the English Coast

Write for the SCARBOROUGH MAGAZINE Holiday Annual

TO DEPARTMENT R.28.. TOWN HALL

The Sphere of Travel

RESORTS of C

Sea Moors and Mou

By C

In the summer especially the east coast resorts have a distinct lure for the holiday-maker in search of sea breezes, pure air, and sunshine. The east coast, too, has a very satisfactorily light rainfall compared with many other parts of the kingdom. Of the nearby resorts perhaps none makes a greater appeal to Londoners than does Clacton, which occupies a very pleasant position on the east coast, facing due south, and thus obtaining the maximum amount of sunshine as well as bracing air.

AN INLAND SPA: A view of Buxton, one of the gems of lovely Derbyshire

Its lengthy pier offers perhaps more attractions than any other on the east coast, as it has not only the largest marine dancing hall in England, known as the Blue Lagoon, and an ocean theatre, at which there are variety and concert party performances, and a pier pavilion, while the Children's Theatre has special entertainments suited for younger people.

Clacton is an excellent centre from which to explore the picturesque Constable country, to visit ancient Colchester and other interesting towns and villages.

Farther up the coast is Lowestoft, long known for its fine air and pleasant features, which is yearly increasing in popularity with the type of holiday-maker who looks for a fine stretch of sand for bathing, plenty of outdoor and indoor amusements a bright and lively seaside resort. summer the fine Espla and the equally fine S Beach is crowded holiday-makers, all enjo the sunshine, and the bra air that comes to across the North Sea.

Indoor amusements not been neglected, for are entertainments on piers, and there are cinemas and a Ma Theatre, and concerts in great Alfresco Hall, S row's Nest, and the con hall on the Claremont Within easy distance are Broads, Norwich, and o interesting and pleas towns and villages.

Much farther north, one comes to Scarboro so wonderfully placed on its coast- that it has two bays—north and sou for bathing, an interesting and hist ruined castle on the headland separa

A HARBOUR OF THE WEST COUNTRY: Wa on the north coast

THE BRACING EAST COAST: The sands at Lowestoft, in healthy Suffolk

these; and all the attractions of a be tifully situated, intelligently develop and up-to-date seaside resort. Lying tween the moors and the sea the town actually a veritable sun-t by day, yet the heat summer never becomes pressive owing to its fac the North Sea and enjoy the fresh pure breezes whi as a consequence, come to

Malvern is an inla spa of charm, beautifu situated in Worcestersh and lying on the ea ern slopes of the Malv Hills. Although it has h an existence for ma centuries Malvern itself claim to be a beauti modern town with cle well-kept streets and f shops gathered round beautiful and ancient Pri

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Church, which is nearly a thousand years old. Malvern presents to the holiday-maker rather a problem, for it consists of quite a bewildering number of towns or parts of a town, for there is Great Malvern, Malvern Wells, the chief residential centre, with Malvern Links, Upper Malvern, North Malvern, and Little Malvern.

It forms an excellent touring centre from which to explore a particularly beautiful portion of England.

Sometimes nowadays one is asked where can one get a quiet holiday. Certainly in these days of almost universal motoring and the exodus from the centre of England to the seaside resorts, the problem of a quiet holiday becomes an increasingly difficult one. But for those who desire such a holiday amidst most charming surroundings and some of the prettiest scenery in the West Country, exploration of the Quantock Hills, through charming villages and lovely combes, can be recommended. The Great Western Railway takes one to the edge of this district which lies in the West of England and between Bridgewater and Minehead. It is a comparatively small region, but to imagine, however, that it can be seen in a day is to make a grave mistake. Taunton makes quite a good centre from which to explore the district which is one of charmingly-wooded valleys.

Across the Bristol Channel, in the extreme south-west corner of South Wales, lies Fishguard, which as a holiday resort may be said to have a history of rather less than a quarter of a century, for it was only when, in 1906, the magnificent harbour, which serves the purpose of the Great Western short sea route traffic between this country and Ireland, via Rosslare, was completed that it came into any note. Now it has a first-rate hotel occupying a wonderful position amidst the woods overlooking the harbour and enjoying views of great extent and beauty.

A RISING WELSH RESORT: A charming aspect of Fishguard, Fembrokeshire

Although its chief purpose was accommodation for travellers to and from Ireland, of recent times Fishguard and its hotel have become known as a holiday resort from which to explore some of the less spoiled and beautiful portions of south-western Wales.

There is both good bathing and fishing and the climate is such that in the hotel grounds are some of the most charming sub-tropical gardens to be found in Wales, in which are eucalyptus trees, genistas, spireas, dracæna palms, hydrangeas, fuchsias, camellias, and several other flowering trees and plants which one usually associates with cultivation under glass. There is also a sporting nine-hole golf course, and there is good fishing in the neighbourhood, some of it provided by the hotel for its visitors, and lawn tennis and croquet are to be had in the hotel grounds.

IN THE FRAGRANT HEART OF WORCESTER: Malvern, seen from the hills

A FAVOURITE ESSEX WATERING-PLACE: The Promenade, Clacton-on-Sea

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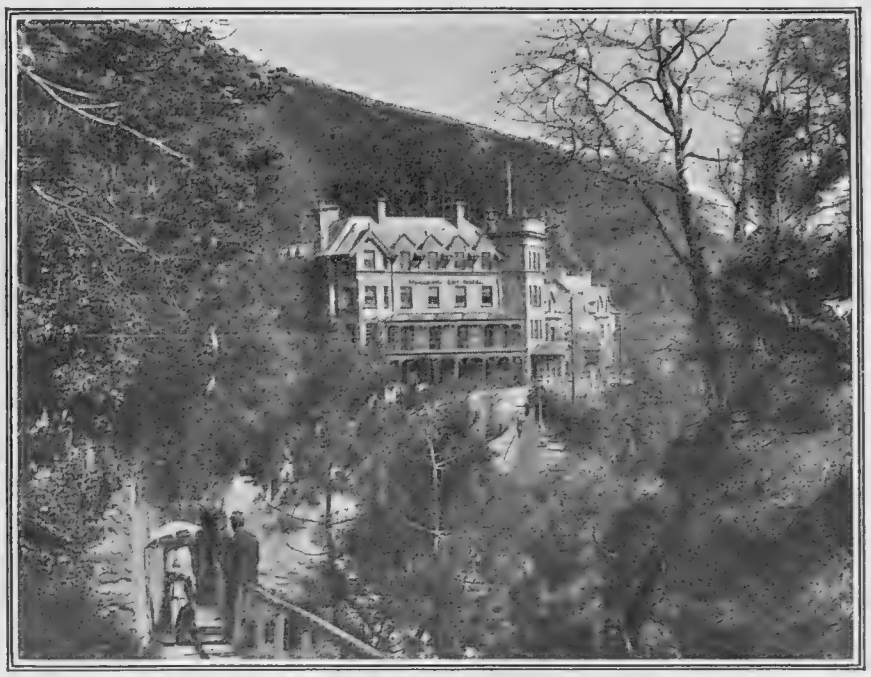

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The Hotel is beautifully situated, commanding extensive views over land and bay.

The Hotel grounds have been charmingly laid out, affording three-quarters of a mile of delightful woodland walks.

The climate of Fishguard and the western district of Pembrokeshire in general is akin to that of Cornwall, being mild and equable to a quite remarkable degree.

The surrounding district is very interesting, and visits to the numerous places in the neighbourhood, presenting features of unusual attraction, are a never-failing delight. St. David's, the far-west Welsh Cathedral City, is a centre of enormous interest.

The Hotel is under the management of the G.W.R. Co., and is run in accordance with the Company's reputation for efficiency. Excellent cuisine and service. Croquet and Tennis Lawns, Billiard Room and Library. Golf in the immediate neighbourhood.

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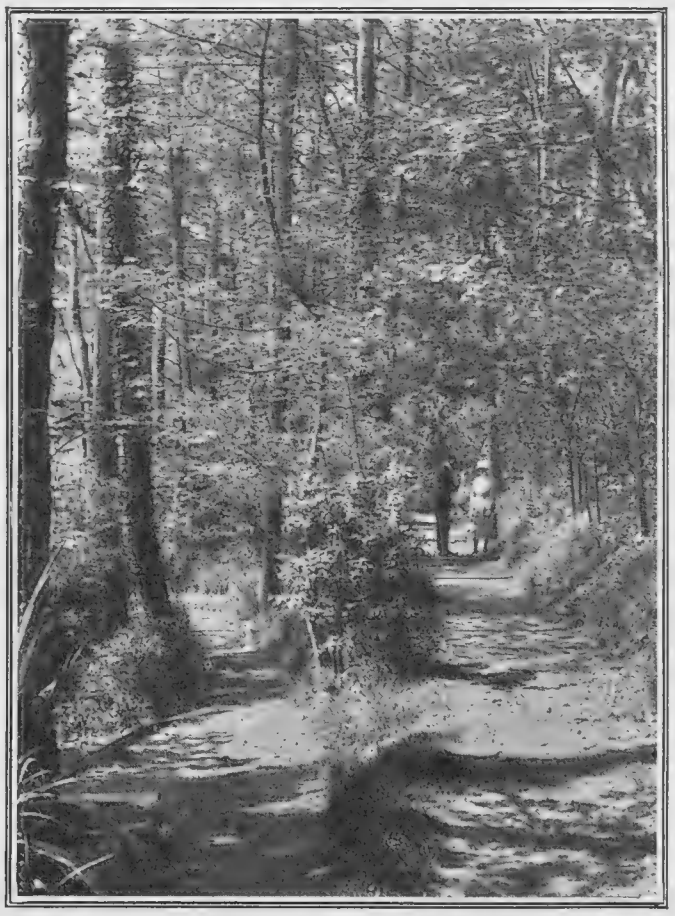

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THE EMERALD ISLE

Ireland by the Short Sea Route

Irish holidays, via the short sea route from Fishguard, are becoming yearly more popular, and certainly Ireland offers many attractions for the holiday-maker.

ON THE KENMARE ROAD: The tunnel by the Lakes of Killarney

Beautiful scenery and an entire change of environment serves to attract more and more people across the Irish Channel, as each holiday season comes round.

Many familiar names of places have been altered since the greater portion of Ireland became known as the Irish Free State. Kingston, for example, is now Dun Laoghaire. It is easily reached from Dublin, from which it is less than eight miles distant. It is also on the main line from Rosslare to Dublin. It is one of the best-known and most popular seaside holiday resorts in the Emerald Isle, where there is a promenade and a pier upon which bands play in the evenings, and there is the additional life that comes from a harbour which is a great yatching centre. There are no less than five yacht clubs with their headquarters at Kingston, and yachting and boating, with bathing and fishing, form the chief outdoor amusements.

Kingston is lucky in its open spaces, for along the sea front there are park-like gardens, and also another park further inland. For indoor amusements there are a couple of good cinemas, and with Dublin within such easy distance, the theatres and other entertainments there may be almost looked upon as serving Kingston as well.

From Kingston a number of interesting places can be visited, and it is well worth while for motorists to take their cars over.

To come to Ireland and not to visit Killarney in County Kerry would be indeed a crime against beauty and romance. Who has not heard of the fame of its three great lakes, beautiful mountains, and waterfalls with an environment of lovely woods? Here one has not only the charm of scenery of extraordinary beauty, but one also finds an exquisite range of tints in the vegetation found in the fields and on the lower slopes of the mountain-sides which reach down right to the edge of the lakes that we have not met with so markedly anywhere else.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS: The glory of Killarney

Killarney consists of three lakes, the upper one overlooked by the Great Eagle's Nest, which it is said no one has ever yet climbed! The lake is two-and-a-half miles in length and rather more than half-a-mile in breadth. Then comes the middle lake, with the beautiful ivy-clad ruin of Muckross Abbey on its banks; and, lastly, Loch Leane, or the Lower Lake, the largest and closest to Killarney, with Ross Castle on a peninsula jutting out into the waters. In the lake itself are no less than thirty islands, gems of verdure and indescribably beautiful on account of the wonderful colouring of their foliage.

THE HILLS OF KILLARNEY: One of the loveliest aspects of Erin

But one must not think that Killarney makes its claim upon holiday-makers entirely because of its lakes. There are the mountain passes, such as the Gap of Dunloe, separating the Tomies Mountains from the lofty Macgillicuddy Reeks; and Carrantual and Mangerton luring one on to climb; while fishermen will find good sport in the river flowing out of the lower lake, and trout-fishing can be had in Killarney itself; and there are also golf and tennis.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA

An Empire Holiday Ground

It is astonishing in these days of world travel how comparatively few people select the wonderland of British Columbia for their holidays. The claim that has not unjustly been made for it is that it has all the advantages and attractions of the most popular European playgrounds on a much grander and magnificent scale and in greater variety. Here one has snow-peaks and rocky mountains varying with those of the Mont Blanc range and the Matterhorn; and indeed half a score or more of countries the size of Switzerland could be stowed away in the mountain systems of British Columbia. Its wonderful seaboard, deeply indented, and with mountains almost down to the sea, best compares with the Norwegian Fiords, and those of Greenland and other northern lands, while the lakes not only in size transcend those of Switzerland and Italy, but have equal beauty and charm.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE: Mount and Lake Wapta, British Columbia

Whatever kind of scenery most appeals to the holiday-maker is found within the borders of British Columbia.

It would seem that British Columbia in the near future must become another vast playground for the world, because Nature has showered upon it every kind of beauty. And its sterner beauties are softened by the magnificent pine forests; smiling, wide-open valleys through which run sparkling streams; a plenitude of waterfalls, seen as white cascades of foam against black precipices or a background of green forest; and wide rivers in which is such an abundance of fish that anglers are kept busy. Add to this a magnificent climate and keen health-giving air of the mountains, warm, sunny, summer days, and pleasantly cool nights, and you have all the elements of a perfect holiday region.

VISITED BY C.P.R. STEAMERS: A beauty-spot of Vancouver

It is splendidly served by two great railway systems, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National Railways, and in addition motoring has been so developed that the provinces now possess 22,000 miles of highways, the greater portion of which are suitable for motor traffic.

Good hotels are to be found in every place of any size, and there is a particularly pleasant custom prevailing by which means any rancher along the roads where there are no hotels is willing to provide a comfortable bed and good food at a moderate cost

British Columbia forms a great attraction for those who like a climbing holiday, and there are hotels on most of the well-known mountain-sides from which wonderful vistas of snowfields and glaciers are obtained, while the pure tonic air is scented with the pine forests down below.

Then those who like boating can get it on the lakes amid scenery of the greatest beauty and grandeur, and the angler is in a paradise. The hunter, too, will find in the uplands game of all kinds, including mountain sheep, goats, moose, bears, deer, elk, and birds of many kinds. There are mountain and forest trails to be explored, and plenty of camping sites in forest glades and beside the picturesque lakes.

Those who go to British Columbia come back full of the vast scope there is for recreation.

A GLORIOUS MOTOR ROAD: Malachat Motor Drive, Vancouver

The Lovely
SOUTH of IRELAND
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THE LAND that has been immortalised by poets innumerable needs little to emphasise its claims as a holiday resort.

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View of Creston District, West Kootenay, B.C.

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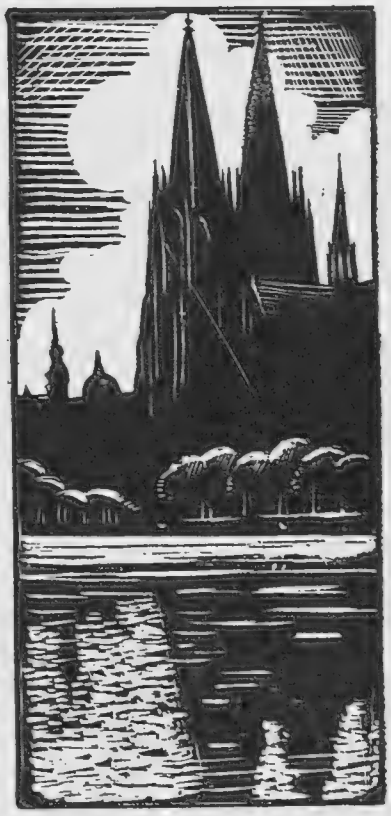

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A WONDERLAND of FRANCE

Grottoes, Chateaux, and Varied Beauty

Almost everyone has heard of the wonderful Grottoes of Han in Belgium and the Kentucky Caves of America, but comparatively few seem to have heard of those marvellous gorges and caverns, and the delightful scenery of a district served by the Orleans and Midi Railways of France, which lies in the Department of Lozére, and extends from the town of Mende for a distance of some forty miles, and is in parts half that in width. Here one finds the wonderful Causse Méjan, the gorges of the Tarn, and that delightful Valley of the Jonte, between which lies the Causse Noire and other wonderful ravines in the neighbourhood of the River Dourbie.

This district anciently formed a large plateau until these Causses were created by the action of rain and weather into crevices which in turn the rivers enlarged into a series of magnificent ravines or gorges which never fail to arouse the wonder and admiration of all tourists who visit this spot. One finds precipitous cliffs somewhat of the nature of those found at Cheddar, but on a still grander and more magnificent scale.

The plateau which one finds surrounding these huge fissures is overshadowed by the great rugged masses of the Causses which rise treeless and almost grassless in places to a height of about a thousand feet above sea level.

Millau, standing at a point where the Dourbie flows into the Tarn, where the deep-cut *canyon* widens out into a smiling and lovely valley, forms a very good centre from which to explore this wondrous and interesting district. Here and round about, the great basaltic cliffs rise up and are cultivated to the edge of the plateau a thousand feet or more above, and the river runs between the precipices which rise sheer from its waters or incline inwards on either side of the river until the summits appear almost to meet. One finds amidst the prevailing grey of the rocks rich patches of colour of various shades of reds and browns, beautified by the green which clothes the crevices, and here and there are ledges where the enterprise of man has allowed him to climb and cultivate patches of vine and even of wheat.

One must go to Mende, however, for the best starting point from which to explore the Tarn gorges. One of the most impressive view-points is found near St. Enimie, a tiny little place close by the water, set in a vast amphitheatre of hills and towering cliffs, the limestone of which has been broken up by the weather in rugged pinnacles and battlements, but where pines and acacias and a luxuriance of maidenhair fern grow wherever a foothold has been found. And below the little town, and amidst this vast impressiveness, runs the river emerald-coloured in its upper reaches and changing to golden in the shallows. The boats are very primitive, mostly quite roughly built, and flat-bottomed, in shape very like fishing punts, but with only one end sharpened. These frail boats are poled along by two boatmen, one at each end.

One of the finest and most impressive portions of the river is known as Les Detroits, where great cliffs, with here and there a tree having a precarious hold in some crevice, overhang the water in a most terrifying manner. One of the most beautiful spots is a short distance above the village of Malène, where the little castle of La Caze, embowered in trees and standing beneath a wonderful towering rock formation comes suddenly into view. Here one finds a medieval castle with turrets, vaulted halls, and stone-flagged passages, adapted to the use of a modern hotel.

The ancient town of Peyreleau stands, with a castle, in a wonderful valley surrounded by rocky hillsides. Just at the confluence of the rivers Jonte and Tarn, and set in a deep gorge between the Causse Noire and the Causee Méjan. Then one has the portion of the Tarn between Le Rosier and Millau where it broadens out into a beautiful and fertile valley with great masses of the Causse Noir frowning down on its eastern side. A district full of beautiful views where the wild grandeur of the vast gorge has given place to scenes of pleasant pastoral life and cultivated beauty.

One certainly must not forget to mention the wonderful underground region of Aven-Armand, with its beautiful grotto known as the "Arabian Nights Dream," only discovered some thirty years ago, which is situated across the Causse Méjan standing 3,230 ft. above the sea.

C. H.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU has of late received a number of inquiries concerning ESTORIL, a rapidly developing resort on the coast of Portugal, not many miles from Lisbon, the capital. In a few weeks' time we propose to publish an article which will inform our readers of the many attractions to be met with at this deservedly popular Portuguese resort

IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOT: The Castle Cabrerets on the river bank

THE GORGES OF THE TARN: A "Cheddaresque" formation near Les Vignes

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WEEKLY MAIL SERVICE TO SOUTH & EAST AFRICA

The Art of HENRY HOLIDAY

and other art news of the day

"FAIR ROSAMUND": A treatment by Henry Holiday typical of his age

An exhibition of water-colour drawings, pencil drawings, and stained glass removed from the studio of the late Henry Holiday will be held at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, W. 1, opening on Monday, June 30, and continuing until the autumn. Not only are Walker's giving Holiday a posthumous exhibition, but their *Quarterly* is devoted largely to an account of this famous Victorian artist written by A. L. Baldry. For the greater part of his long career he was a decorator, and especially a designer of stained-glass windows; consequently a large proportion of his achievement was anonymous, as, in accordance with a very ancient rule of this craft—a rule which might with advantage be set aside—a window does not bear the signature of its designer.

Henry Holiday was born in London on June 17, 1839. His decision to be an artist was made very early in his childhood and he had the rather unusual good fortune to find that it met with the approval of his parents; they encouraged him in his ambition, and in 1825, when he was barely thirteen, they allowed him to become a pupil of William Cave Thomas, an able painter and an accomplished draughtsman who had at that time a considerable reputation.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF TWO FIGURES FOR "DANTE AND BEATRICE": A typical example of the art of Henry Holiday to be on view this summer

A couple of years later he worked for some months in Leigh's art school—known to-day as Heatherley's—where he had amongst his fellow students H. S. Marks, A. B. Houghton and Fred Walker, and at the beginning of 1855 he entered the Royal Academy Schools, which were then housed in the National Gallery building in Trafalgar Square. At the time of his entry he was the youngest student in the schools.

For the next few years he was busily occupied with his training; he worked at the Royal Academy Schools, at the British Museum, and in Leigh's school, with intervals when he painted out-of-doors.

SIR ARTHUR UNDERHILL: The portrait by Charles Pears, R.O.I., presented at the reception celebrating the jubilee of the Royal Cruising Club at Lincoln's Inn Hall, June 4, 1930

Like so many of the younger artists in those days he was greatly influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and he whole-heartedly accepted its fundamental principle of assiduous and intimate study of Nature.

He made a host of friends, among them Holman Hunt, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, William de Morgan, Simeon Solomon, and the architect, William Burges, and he was in a surrounding entirely congenial to a man of his serious and studious temperament. Ruskin, too, he knew well and met frequently, and from him he always received the most kindly encouragement. All this helped undoubtedly to develop his powers and to keep him steadily in the right direction.

From these beginnings he went from strength to strength, from popularity to popularity, until at last he died in the manner of his work—with quiet tranquillity and peaceful courage, in 1927.

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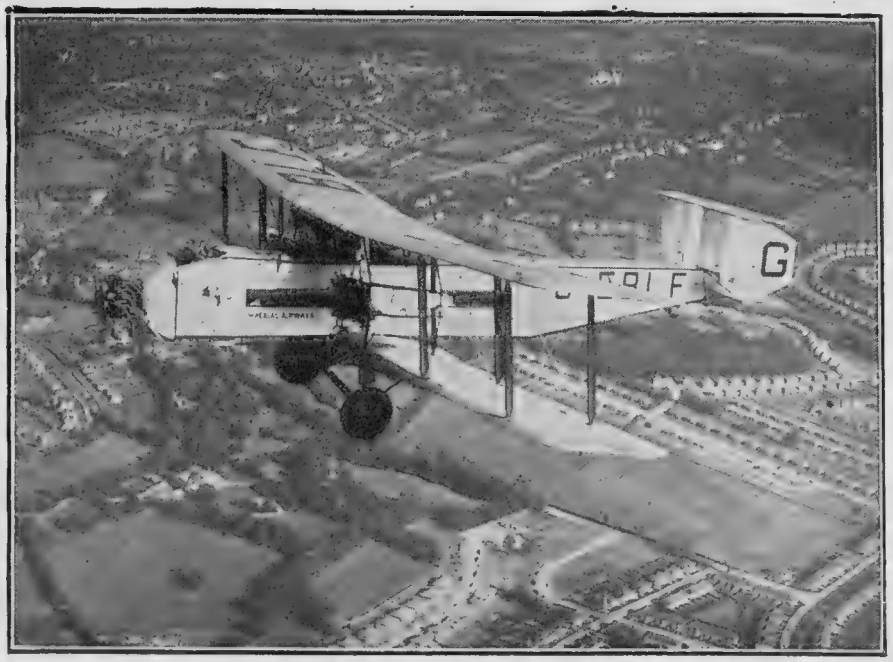

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CONTROVERSY

Mr. A. D. Lacaille, F.S.A.Scot., Membre de la Société Préhistorique Française, etc., has written the following interesting letter in connection with a picture published in THE SPHERE of May 31.

May 31, 1930

"SIR,—On page 461 of your issue of May 31 appears an illustration of two of the Great Wyrley carved stones. The strange carvings on these stones have been the object of adverse opinion of experts at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, the British Museum, and the Société Préhistorique Française, in the January *Bulletin* of which society (pp. 60-67) appears an exhaustive article on them. Authorities of such high standing as the Abbé Henri Breuil and Monsieur Adrien de Mortillet of Paris have condemned them as of no archæological interest whatever. Not only does the carved work show no evidence of the use of the flint tools so skilfully employed by prehistoric man in the production of his beautifully ornate objects of bone, ivory, and stone, but the incised lines have obviously been made with steel, probably the corner of a screw-driver or the square edge of a broken pen-knife blade. From the type of headdress and footwear worn by some of the grotesque human figures delineated it appears that the carvings were executed about the time of the Crimean War. In regard to the animals imaged on some of the specimens it might be conceded that the sculptor had seen illustrations of prehistoric animals as imaged about seventy years ago. Moreover, the profusion of fossil ferns of the carboniferous outlined on practically all the stones points to the probability that the carvings were made by a miner who had found specimens in the course of his day's toil.

I am, etc., A. D. LACAILLE."

ODDS and ENDS

LISTENING-IN TO THE DERBY FROM THE AIR: Passengers who flew over Epsom on Derby Day listened-in to the race from the air, and also obtained a unique view. Passengers, including Mr. Bert Hinkler (second from right), in an Imperial Airways 'plane are seen above

OLD HATS AND NEW: The London Metropolitan Police are to be supplied with new helmets slightly larger and considerably wider than the old type. They are made up of two sections instead of six. They are seen above in comparison. The sergeant on the left is wearing the new style helmet

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE DERBY BALL

The Prince of Wales was present at the Derby Ball, very successfully organized by Lady Milbanke, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. A brilliant crowd of dancers assembled at the May Fair Hotel, where the ball was held. Many distinguished people, including the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Diana Duff Cooper and others took parties to the ball. At midnight there was an entertaining cabaret, among the singers being Miss Frances Day. The music was provided by the Embassy Band.

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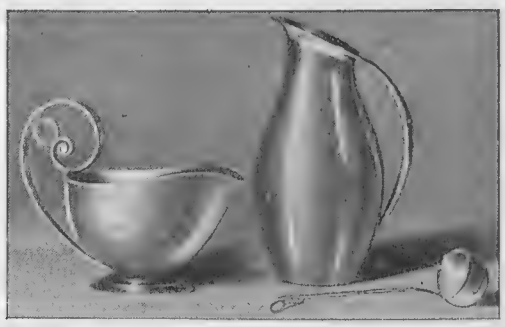
Julia Cairns



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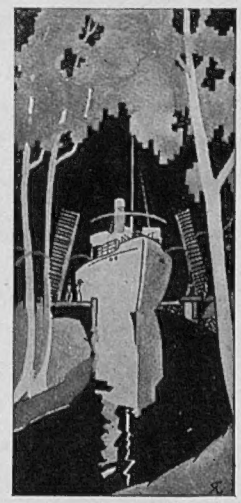

Scented pine trees part on the farther side to let you through. The spray of a great waterfall blows lightly into your face. Red-roofed chalets drift by. A spick and span little village clusters round a church bowed with age. Greetings float across—you cannot understand them, but they sound friendly. Lunch? Yes, but don't let us be too long about it, for this is Sweden, seen as no other country can be seen, through its 350-mile Göta Canal. Three glorious days from Gothenburg to Stockholm. Within easy reach is the Exhibition of Swedish Industrial and Decorative Arts & Crafts from May to Sept. at Stockholm, the fairest capital in Europe; Visby, the city of ruins and roses; Dalecarlia, the heart of Sweden, where ancient customs linger; primitive Lapland, lighted by the mysterious Midnight Sun. This one wonderful holiday can encompass them all.

For free, copiously illustrated booklets and full information, write to the Swedish Travel Bureau, 21e Coventry Street, London, W.1; The British and Northern Shipping Agency, 5 Lloyds Avenue, E.C.3, or any of the leading tourist agencies.

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THE GOLFER'S PARADISE

A new 18-hole golf course designed by Mr. Abercromby of Addington, and constructed by Messrs. Frank Harris Brothers of Guildford for the Great Western Railway in the grounds of the company's luxury hotel, the Manor House, Moretonhampstead, was opened for play this Whitsun. The course, situated amid beautiful scenery and high up near the moors, is very sporting in character, and is a good test of golf to even the best of players, although the higher handicap man will find that his interests have not been forgotten. In the lower part of the course, where the first nine holes are situated, the River Bovey, which runs through the estate, has been used with skill in forming a natural hazard. At the first, second, and fifth holes, as the greens are situated just over the river, a well-pitched-up approach shot is necessary. The second half of the course is situated on the higher land, the natural configuration of the ground and the plantation being used to great advantage in making holes full of interest. The course is about 5,600 yards in length and has six short holes, all of which are excellent in their different ways. Several of the longer holes will be a test for the driver who likes to go out for a long "carry," although there is an alternative route for the "shorter" man. On the whole it is a course which will provide a really pleasant and interesting day's golf in interesting surroundings. The Manor House Hotel was formerly the residence of the late Lord Hambledon and is situated 12½ miles from Exeter, Newton Abbot, and Okehampton, and 26 miles from Plymouth. The company afford an excellent train service from London and other parts of the country, and a special connection is also provided to and from Moretonhampstead with both the up and down Torquay Pullman, Limited, for the convenience of visitors.

FINLAND HONOURS SIBELIUS

The Finnish Government have singled out their national composer, Jean Sibelius, for a unique honour. The work by which Sibelius is best known is his tone poem, "Finlandia," and the Government believe that with the circulation of two of his symphonies Finnish music would receive a stimulus all over the world. They have just arranged with the Columbia Gramophone Co., Ltd., to make a special series of gramophone records of the first two symphonies of Sibelius and have contributed 50,000 marks towards the expense. The composer was invited to nominate an eminent native musician to conduct the works, and Sibelius selected Professor Robert Kajanus, the conductor of the Finnish Philharmonic Orchestra since 1882, for this task, indicating his choice in the words: "Very many are the men who have conducted these symphonies during the last thirty years, but there is none who has gone deeper and given them more feeling and beauty than Robert Kajanus." Professor Kajanus, who is seventy-four years of age, immediately came to England, where an English symphony orchestra was engaged and specially rehearsed for the gramophone performances. It is expected that the records will be ready in the early autumn.

ITEMS of General INTEREST

MISS MARJORIE MARS: The clever young actress who is playing the leading part of Iolanthe in "Insult" at the Apollo Theatre, in which she has made a distinct success. By sheer hard work and perseverance Miss Mars is step by step creeping to the front rank of her profession. She is the niece of Gwennie Mars, who will be remembered as one of the original Pelissier follies

THE EVER OPEN DOOR

Dr. Barnardo's Homes are appealing for funds to carry on their magnificent work of making citizens 107,500 boys and girls and babies have joined the "largest family in the world" since the work began sixty-three years ago. The fact that no destitute child is ever refused admission should influence those to contribute who regard organized charity as a question of influence or red tape. Contributions should be sent to the Association, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

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The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, have given a home and training to over 28,000 young lives, and at the same time have instilled into their minds the true meaning of the word "citizenship." Funds are urgently needed to help in the carrying on of this good work in the Society's various Homes and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. Gifts, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged.

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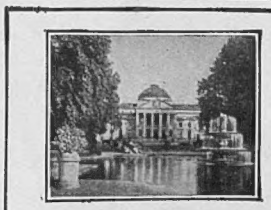

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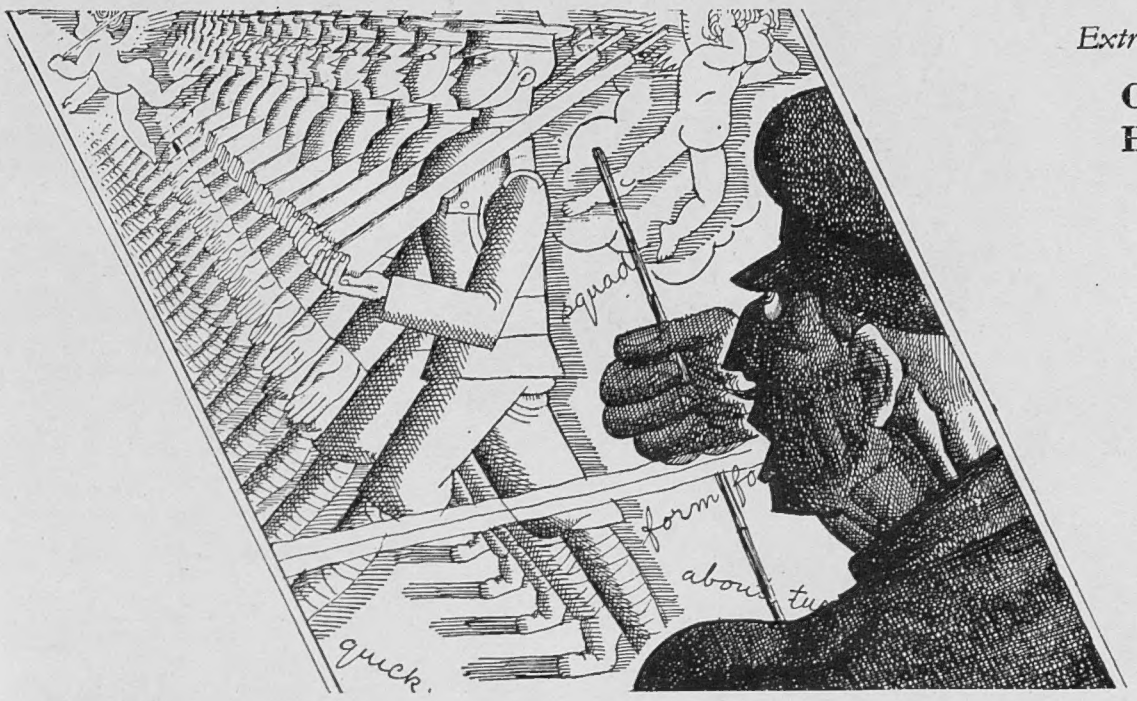
Are the Harrow Boys RIGHT?



Extract from "Daily Express," May 29

O.T.C. "MUTINY" AT HARROW SCHOOL

DEMAND FOR FEWER COMPULSORY PARADES.

LETTER TO C.O.

"A DREADED MILITARY TORTURE."

"Daily Express" Correspondent.

HARROW, Wednesday

HARROVIANS are in revolt against the number of compulsory parades of the school's O.T.C., and to-day a letter was sent to Lieut.-Colonel H. Ozanne, D.S.O., who commands the school corps, demanding fewer parades.

The letter, which was signed by 300 members of the corps out of the 400 enrolled, was as follows:

We, representing the N.C.O.'s, cadets, and members of Harrow School, beg to inform you that, in our estimation, two parades a week is one too many.

Corps, which used to be regarded as an institution necessary for discipline and training, has now become, through an excessive number of parades, a military torture, a thing to be dreaded and avoided, and now universally condemned. We feel that a reduction to one parade a week would abolish this hatred and restore respect and keenness.

We further point out that other schools of our standing are subject to only one parade a week, and we think that we are justified in demanding equality.

There has been for some time a strong feeling in the school against compulsory parades. The boys argue that before the war the corps was a voluntary and popular institution, and that now it is compulsory and unpopular.

"OUT OF DATE."

"There is no justification for the compulsory corps," said an emphatic Harrovian to me to-day. "The training we have to undergo would have been out-of-date at the time of the Boer war. What possible use could it be to us even if we do have another war?"

When I asked the cadet what he thought the "C.O." would do about it, he replied: "The worst he can do is to tear up the letter."

He added, however, after a little reflection, that it would be worse still if Colonel Ozanne ordered three parades instead of two.

All Harrow boys of fifteen or more must join the O.T.C. if they satisfy the physical standard, unless specially exempted by the headmaster. There are about 650 boys in the school.

A Remarkable Coincidence

Whilst some three hundred members of the Harrow O.T.C. were deciding upon a "round robin" to their Commanding Officer, BRITANNIA & EVE had on the press, for its June issue, an outspoken article by Beverley Nichols entitled "MAKING A MAN OUT OF HIM." The writer deplores the hardening process which is considered a necessitous part of every boy's training, and says some very pertinent things about Cadet Corps and other "imbecilities," which he contends cannot be defended.

Every father of a son, every mother, every schoolboy and every schoolmaster (whether they agree or not) should read this candid criticism of British public school life.

In the JUNE issue of

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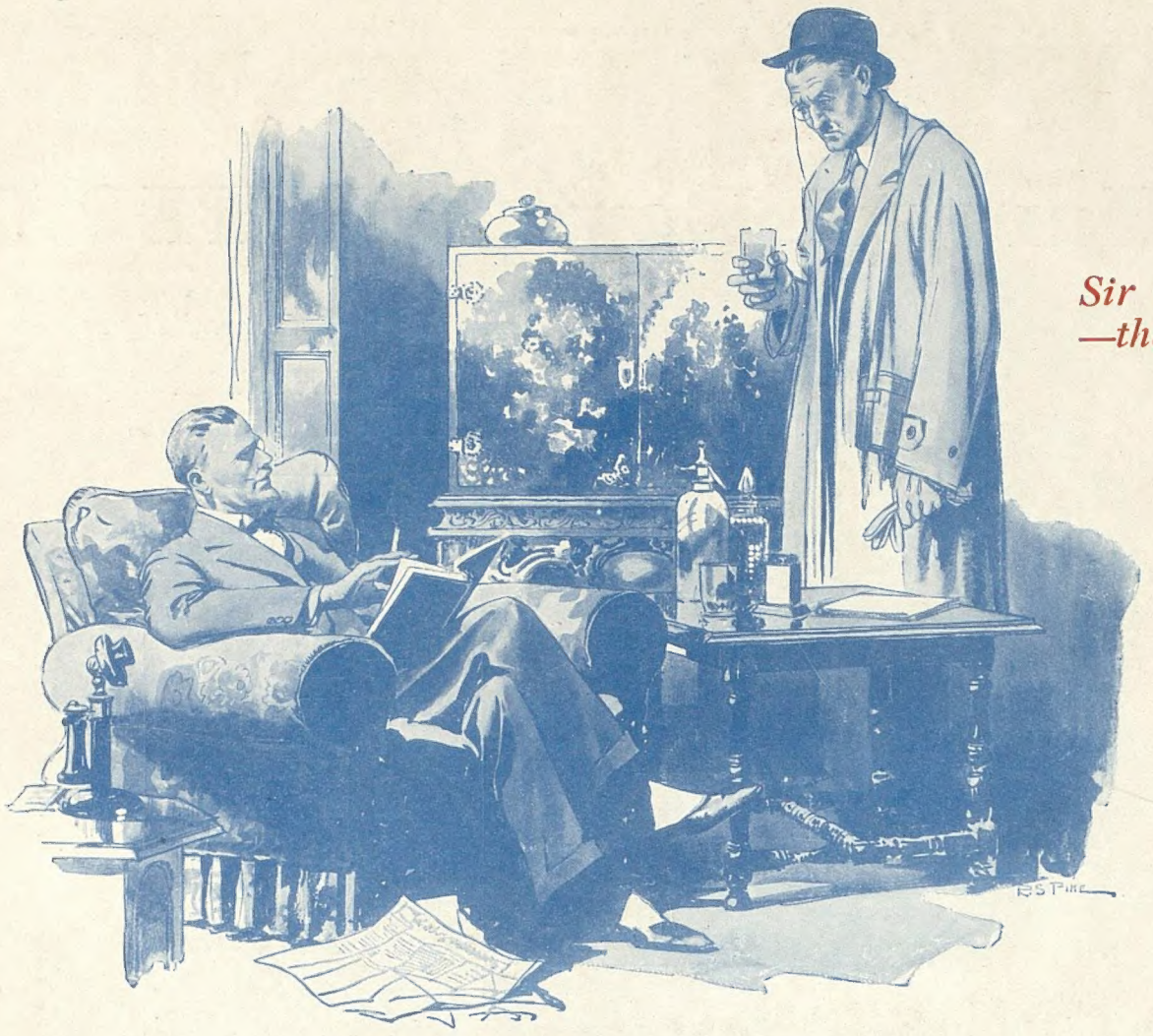
BRITANNIA & EVE knows what is going on in this modern-day world. It is finding the features that post-war people want to read.



Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.

He Decided to Try the "Tote."

Sir Edward : "Good gracious, Freddy, have a brandy and soda. You look a sight. Been playing rugger or just come from a bargain sale?"

Freddy : "Almost as bad. I've been racing; decided to try the 'Tote,' took a hundred with me, and before I'd been on the racecourse five minutes it had gone—pocket picked."

Sir Edward : "Bad luck or carelessness?"

Freddy : "Little of each, I suppose. However, that wasn't so serious. I met Bob and borrowed a century from him."

Sir Edward : "A hundred to the bad before the first race."

Freddy : "Yes, then the trouble started. Got a good tip a few minutes before the 'Off,' dashed to the 'Tote,' found hundreds more, all trying to get on at the last moment, had a real scrimmage to get my tickets."

Sir Edward : "Most unpleasant. Did you back the winner?"

Freddy : "Yes, but I had to queue up in the pouring rain to get my winnings—was barged into right and left, and to cap it all I never backed another winner. I'm disgusted and fed up! You look jolly comfortable. What have you been doing?"

Sir Edward : "Been sitting here doing in comfort exactly what you've been trying to do—back winners. What's more I've succeeded in backing four, full 'Tote' odds, too."

Freddy : "How's that possible?"

Sir Edward : "Why, simply by taking advantage of Duggie's wonderful service, 'a "Tote" in every Telegraph Office.' He should have added 'in every home,' because 'phoning is as easy as telegraphing."

Freddy : "But how about when you are at the races, one has to go to the 'Tote' then?"

Sir Edward : "Not at all, you can wire him up to the 'Off.' Besides, one retains one's dignity, and settles Monday, like a gentleman, that's why I'm so *enthusiastic* about Duggie."

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London

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